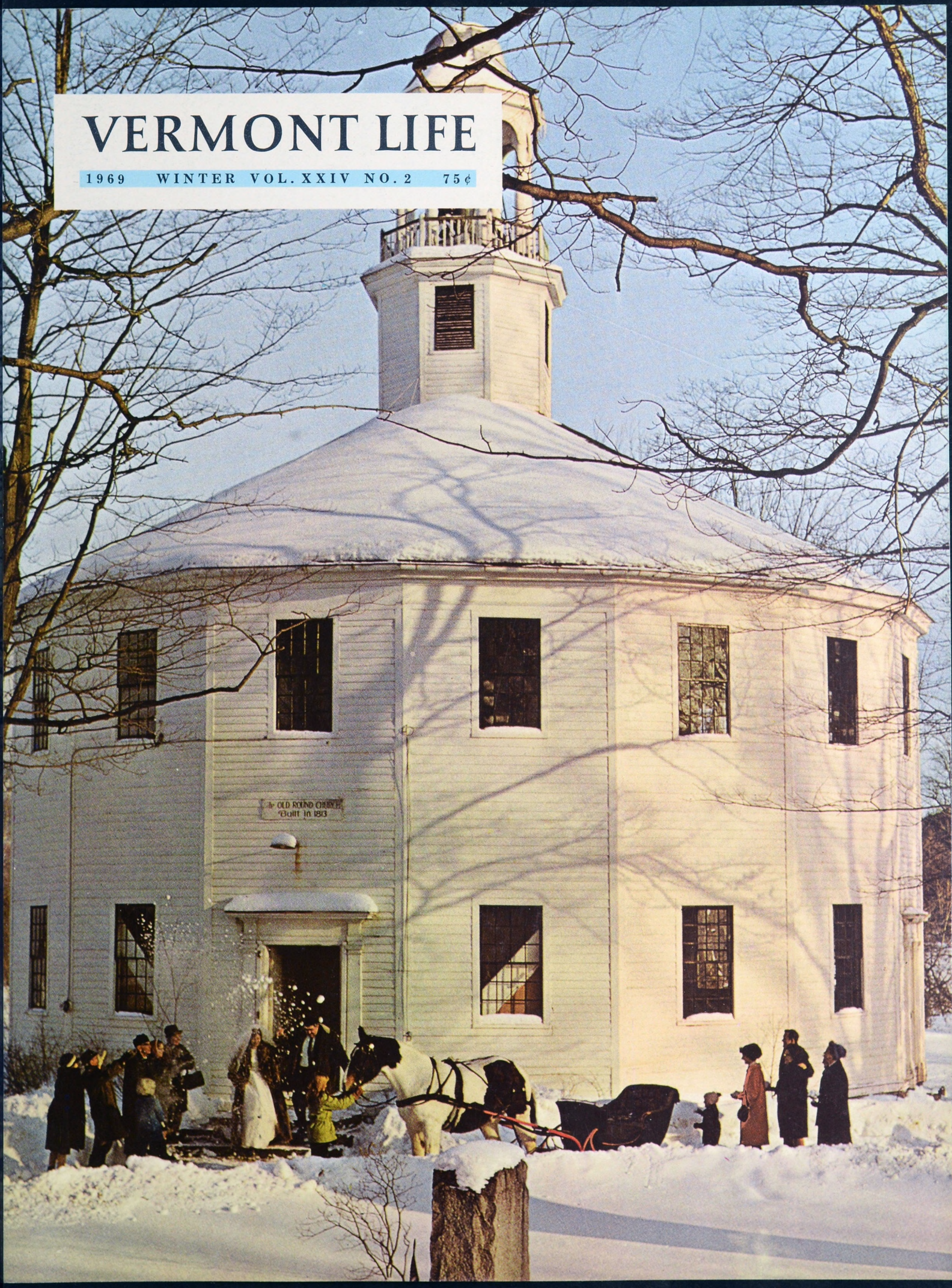
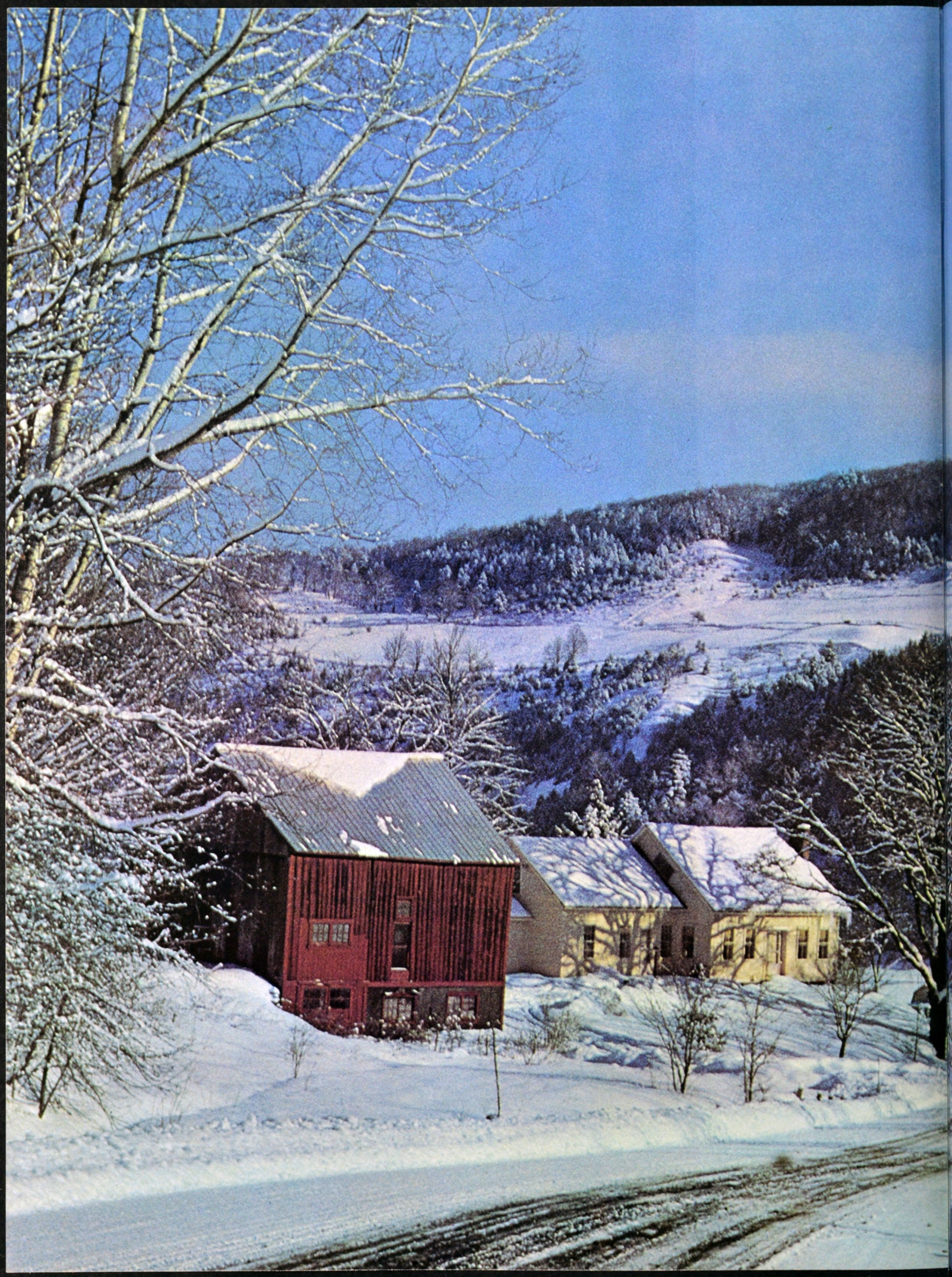


VERMONT LIFE

1969 WINTER VOL. XXIV NO. 2 75¢





VERMONT LIFE

VOLUME XXIV NUMBER 2 WINTER 1969

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Old-fashioned Sleigh Rides *are still*

a part of the winter's fun

by PETER MILLER

Photographs by the author

FOR one who likes horses perhaps the luckiest girl in Stowe, Vermont, is ten-year-old Debbie Cobb, for her dad and mom run the Stowe Stables. Debbie has her own horse and spends many an afternoon riding. She wins many ribbons but better yet is when Debbie has a party, for with a few "pleases," a smile and a kiss for her dad, she and her friends

are likely to be treated to a sleigh ride.

Last year Duane Cobb, with the idea that Dick and Dolly, his two work horses, could earn their grain during the winter months, purchased two sleds and offered sleigh rides for the residents of Stowe and the many winter visitors who come for the ski season.

The sleighs that Mr. Cobb uses are

called Travis Sleds, originally used for hauling logs from the woods and supplies to and from the sugarhouse. In the springtime, the sleds may carry manure out to the snow-covered mowings.

Mr. Cobb fills the sled with loose or baled hay and the rides start from the front of his stable, just a few miles north of Stowe village. If he has two groups, he'll have a neighbor come over and hitch up another pair of horses to the spare sled.

For his daughter's party, Mr. Cobb had an after-school sleigh ride where the greatest fun for the youngsters was belly flopping off the sled into deep, powdery snowbanks while Mr. Cobb patiently held in the horses.

After the ride, the children helped Debbie feed her horse, then tramped inside, where Mrs. Cobb served hot cocoa and freshly made brownies.

Although the children sleigh rides are usually in the afternoon, many skiers and residents get together with friends for a night-time sleigh ride.

Full moon-lit nights are best. Dolly and Dick, their breath blowing white in the frosted air and sleigh bells jingling on their backs, lead the lantern-lit sled through blue-whitened pastures, black-shadowed in the distance by Mr. Mansfield. Stars burn intensely bright on these clear, knife-cold nights and the sleigh riders keep warm under Mr. Cobb's buffalo lap warmers or with their fur coats. Some snuggling and songs add a bit of warmth too. It makes for a memorable, romantic night. 





*Junior Ski Council
training is behind
many of the dazzling*

Young Vermont Racing Skiers

*who may well lead the
ski world this winter.*

By ROCKWELL STEPHENS

Photographs by HANSON CARROLL

SEVENTEEN years ago, back in 1952, a determined girl from the Green Mountains startled the international skiing world by winning a double Gold Medal in the Olympic Winter Games in Norway. American skiers were welcome competitors on the international scene, but only skiers raised in the Alps were supposed to win world honors.

Pico's Andrea Mead was a superb skier, but the international set considered her victories one of those happy accidents of genius sprung from the unassuming background of a "little" mountain near Rutland.

Since then a steadily increasing number of young Vermonters have appeared in the elite group racing in national and international events. The Green Mountains had an impressive total of thirteen members on the United States team in the 1968 Olympic Winter Games, and just last spring nineteen-year-old Marilyn Cochran of Richmond won the Women's World Cup in giant slalom — as prestigious as an Olympic victory.

Last summer, in the six-state eastern contingent invited to join the U.S. National Ski Team training program, sixteen of the thirty-three boys and fifteen of the twenty-one girls were Vermonters.

Something must have been happening to produce such a high proportion of talent from one region. And thereby hangs a tale, for the racing career of every Vermonter in this group began and was nourished by a project started in Rutland thirteen years ago.

IN 1956 Joe Jones and his wife Anne had an idea. Competitive skiers both, their interest had turned to teaching children to ski — and to race. Race? Of course, as skiing began its explosive growth in the early '50s and more and more youngsters appeared on the slopes, competition was as inevitable as the "C'mon, I'll race you to the corner" challenge wherever young are at play.

But junior racing had flourished to such an extent that parents were faced with events involving an exhausting amount of travel and preparation.

"Our idea," Joe says, "was to stop boys and girls from eight- to thirteen-years-old from traveling far and wide to enter junior alpine races. We thought it too much for children of that age, and too tough on their parents. We came up with a program to develop good junior competitors in our own region, limiting travel to distances of thirty to sixty miles."

Representatives from seven ski areas: Bromley, High Pond, Mad River, Middlebury, Okemo, Pico and Woodstock met to form the Mid-Vermont Junior Skiing Council. Each agreed to sponsor a junior team of boys and girls thirteen-years-old and younger for downhill, slalom and giant slalom meets, each area hosting one race during the season.

Races are held Saturday mornings from January to early March. Last year's schedule included two giant slaloms, two downhill races, and a two-run slalom, climaxed by a two-day All Star meet at the end of the season.

THE regional idea, critically re-evaluated and refined each year, proved so successful that a similar Northern Vermont Council was formed in 1960. This now consists of the Jay Peak, Mt. Mansfield, Madonna and Lyndon Outing Club areas, plus a Valley Junior Racing Association of Sugarbush, Mad River and Glen Ellen.

A Southern Vermont Council was later to include Bromley, Stratton, Mt. Snow, Hogback and Prospect Mountain. Meanwhile Mid-Vermont has regrouped and now consists of Ascutney, Killington, Middlebury, Okemo, Pico, Pinnacle and Woodstock.

MID-Vermont teams consist of six boys and three girls, with best times of four boys and two girls counting for team score. Teams are usually selected each week on the basis of time trials held the previous week. Individual and team scores determine ranking for the season, as well as selection for the Council All Star team of eight girls and fifteen boys, plus two alternates. All Star teams from each council compete for individual and team awards in the two-day meet ending the season.

Candidates for the Council racing squads are drawn from the copious reservoir of school children in the learn-to-ski classes held at most of the areas. These are sponsored by the local ski club and staffed by volunteer parents and ski club members, supplemented by professional instructors of the ski area.

THE sheer size of these groups, ranging as they do from five-year-olds up through high school age, reveals the extent to which skiing has become a part of the Vermont environment. Statistics are lacking, but it is a reasonable guess that more kids ski than play tennis, and that taking all ages, there are more young skiers than ball players.

On Friday afternoons, for example, Woodstock's little Mt. Tom area swarms with one-hundred-fifty or more mighty-mites from kindergarten age up through elementary school grades. They are sorted into fifteen or more groups to be patiently led from the primary stage of simply walking on skis to the sophistication of parallel turns.

Woodstock's army is a corporal's guard compared with the six hundred reported from Killington, which operates five days a week with from seventy to eighty volunteer instructors. Pico hosts more than four hundred two days a week. Bromley has a similar number from first graders through high school, and Stowe almost as many when schools there close at noon Fridays for these classes. (Heartening evidence that here and there a school board has recognized the value of these programs as a part of "physical education.")

THE Junior Ski Councils and these learn-to-ski programs emphasize the doctrine of "train them young." From professional instructors to Olympic skiers, all agree that the time to create a skier is before he reaches his 'teens.

Two Vermont ski families perhaps best illustrate the "start 'em young" theme. Rick Chaffee of Rutland typically won his first race at the age of six, as did his younger sister Suzy. Starting the Mid-Vermont program on the Pico team

in 1956, he won the Council individual title three years in a row — principal contributor with his sister and older brother Kim to the Pico team's standing in those years. Naturally, all three Chaffees, some birthdays later, turned up on the national scene: Kim, oldest, in the National Junior Championships and later as captain of the Harvard ski team; Suzy as best in downhill of U.S. girls at the FIS world title races in Chile in '66, top American girl in downhill again in '67, and a member of the Olympic team in '68. Rick, entering Denver University in '63, was All-American in '65, winning the national collegiate slalom and combined titles among others, graduated in four years with honors — like his brother Kim — and made a brother-sister combination for the '68 Olympics.

THE Cochran family of Richmond began to ski at Ascutney when Cochran senior taught — and coached the high school ski team — in Windsor, and was one time manager of the Ascutney area in its early rope tow period. The move to Richmond brought the older children into the Council program on the Madonna team — and provided a good slalom hill in their own back yard where their father built a tow, added lights for night practice, and set up "lollipop" slalom races for all the kids around.

Marilyn, the oldest, started her racing career as a seven-year-old. Last spring,

Downhill or slalom, the young skiers learn to concentrate on form as well as that all-essential ingredient, the will to cross the finish line a split second ahead of all the rest.



at nineteen, she climaxed her first year of international competition on the U.S. National team by winning the Women's World Cup championship in giant slalom. She was Junior National slalom champion in the '66-'67 season, and in the following year startled the U.S. Olympic skiers, back from Europe for a meet at Stratton, by showing her heels to the field in the giant slalom, and in the same season defeating world champion Nancy Green in the National giant slalom championship.

Barbara Ann, now eighteen, made the U.S. National team for the '67-'68 season after winning the Junior National giant slalom the year before, and took the National combined slalom and giant slalom title last spring.

Robert, now seventeen, was Junior National giant slalom champion at fifteen, toured the European circuit with the U.S. team last winter, and won the National slalom championship last spring. All three are now of course on the National team for this winter's campaigns.

Linda, at fifteen, kept the Cochran name on the junior title lists by winning the Eastern Junior combined championship and added a fillip to the season by winning a senior slalom from a well-rated field on Maine's Sugarloaf Mountain last spring.

FOUNDER Joe Jones points out that the Councils' purpose is to develop racers, not just to teach skiing. This means establishing a good body position, learning to go fast on steep slopes, and "using your head." Starting young eliminates the need to correct bad habits; good training helps prevent them from interfering with progress. Practice and races are held on terrain that becomes increasingly demanding as the youngsters progress. They learn to handle steep slopes, to ski fast and with more relaxation.

The downhill as a race for juniors was once a controversial event. Junior competition, it was thought, should be confined to controlled runs like slalom or giant slalom, where speeds are not as great and by inference, accidents are less likely. Going "all out" for a winning run, it was said, led to taking chances, and this to accident. Proper training, such as the youngsters now have, develops the technique to handle steep slopes. An equally significant factor is good course layout and preparation which minimizes hazard. Only old timers who learned to ski the hard way and raced on the narrow, tree-lined trails that were not groomed by fleets of Sno-Cats can



Before every race there's instruction as well as plenty of kidding in the warmth of the base lodge.

On the hill there will be last minute waxing and a final word from the coaches.

Starting gates may be electronically activated or simply one-two-three-go vocal, but the attitude of the skier is always the same—hoping for a great run but philosophically prepared to crash in flames!



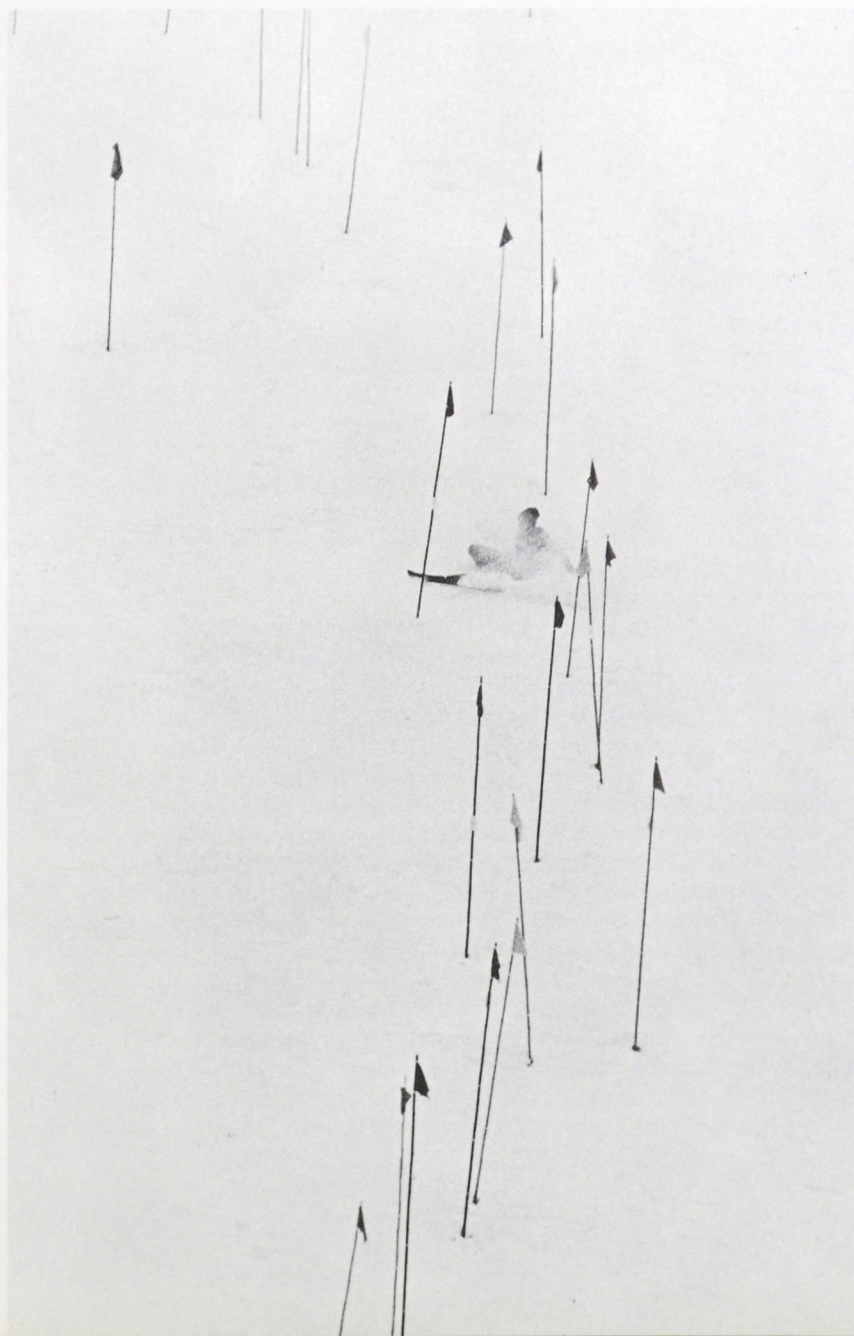
appreciate the difference between downhill racing then and now.

Another Rutland-based program has contributed much to the success of the Mid-Vermont youngsters and may extend more widely in future. While the Councils' activity is based on Alpine events, one alumnus of the Pico team, Mike Gallagher, found cross country skiing more to his liking after he "graduated," and forthwith proceeded to win the National Cross Country Championship three times.

Out of his experience in training for the severe demands on physical condition imposed by this Nordic event, Gallagher developed the Vermont Physical

Fitness Program now in its fourth year. The title is a bit awesome; the act is good fun. Boys and girls from seven to fourteen meet four half-days a week at Killington or Pico and, from the point of view of an envious observer, have a ball. They run "dry slalom" with and without ski poles, perhaps through slalom gates or among the trees of a pine plantation. They hop and skip in and out of staggered auto tire casings, and leap down steep sand banks, practicing what amounts to outdoor gymnastics in a fun setting and atmosphere to develop agility, strength and endurance, as requisite for the downhill racer as the langlauffer.

Only one who has been closely in-

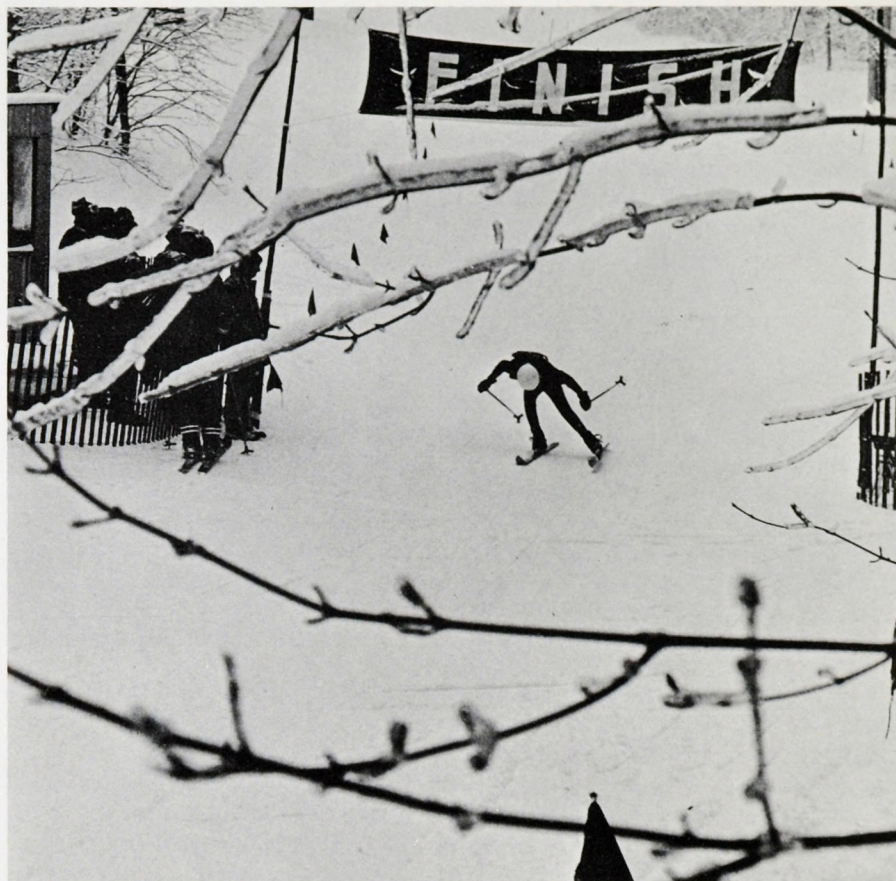


involved with the organization and conduct of ski competition can fully realize the dedication of the parents and officials who sustain the Council program.

There is first the logistic and communication problem involved in getting six teams of nine or ten children each to a given point at a given time, every one of them complete with every item of equipment and clothing. Then checking out the race organization to see that every adult is at his assigned post by a given time, understands what his job is and is equipped to do it. Starter, assistant starters to keep a steady flow of runners moving into the starting gate, gate keepers or course patrols — perhaps a dozen



Relatively few of the crashes are "basket cases" but the Ski Patrol is there when needed. Most of the youngsters cross the finish line in good style and even, at times, improve their performances in the post race hash-outs.



or more of these, two or three timers with their stop watches, recorders who can be trusted not to mix up Jimmy's time with Bobby's name, and often runners to take the results to the recorders' base. The check-out of communication — phone or radio — between starter and the finish line, and a back-up plan for those occasions when phones somehow go out of action ten minutes before race time. Not to speak of preliminaries such as selection of the course, setting the gates for slalom or giant slalom, provision for spare flags when crashes may make a set unfit for service. And finally the staggering amount of computation to determine team and individual scores, the points to be awarded each individual and each team for the season's ranking.

Formidable as these chores may be, the nature of the Junior Councils' structure now makes things easier for the race chairman. Each team brings its contingent of parents, friends and coaches, all of whom gain the experience to form competent race crews. Equally important is the cooperation of the ski area whose trail is turned over to the host team until the last runner is down the course.

WHAT does all the bustle, time and expense generated by this training add up to? Any parent of one of these mighty-mites will answer with the skier's creed that it is a great sport, the more proficient one becomes the greater its enjoyment, and the skill and pleasure can be a life-time asset.

The grownups who keep the Councils' programs going shrug off the question: "Why do you do it?" A few may cherish the secret hope that one of their own young may one day bring another Olympic Gold Medal to the Green Mountains, or even duplicate the shining example of Pico's Andrea Mead Lawrence by winning a double.

But perhaps the best answer comes from Jim Ross in Middlebury, the only founding member of the original Mid-Vermont Council still active. "The other night," he wrote, "I sat like an idiot calculating how much I've 'enjoyed' (his quotes) junior racing. In the thirteen years of Mid-Vermont I've attended 92 of 95 meets we've had all over Vermont and added some 9,750 miles onto four different cars. Parents who get on this circuit are going about eight hundred miles a season for their kids. And now I know why they do it."

Maybe we'd better leave it at that. ∞

Top Rank Vermont Skiers



Allison Teague, Norwich



Mike Gallagher, Rutland



Christie Zoesch, Manchester



George Merrill, Ludlow



Rosie Fortna, Warren



Suzy Chaffee, Rutland



Julie Wolcott, Underhill

These young Vermonters who will play leading roles this winter in national and international competition, are largely graduates of Vermont's Ski Councils.



Karen Middleton, Brattleboro



Rick Chaffee, Rutland



Louise Sparks, Stowe



Erica Skinger, Stowe



Robert, Barbara, Marilyn and Linda Cochran, Richmond

P. MILLER

Skiing in Vermont needn't cost all outdoors

SHE'S about thirty years old, quite beautiful, and she has a Very Big Job back in New York. She's sitting across the table from me and we're talking about skiing the smaller areas.

"Look, Charlie, it all depends on what you want to do. Either you ride a chairlift up to the top of A Big Mountain and SKI," she paused, "or you ride the same old T-bar all day and freeze your little duffy off."

She took another belt of the scotch and continued: "Look, the small areas may be fine for beginners. Hell, I've even skied Carinthia myself, but if the lines aren't too long, Daddyo, give me Mt. Snow anytime. They really put a ski

It isn't cheap either.

A family of four skiing at one of the big resorts must be ready to pick up a tab approaching four hundred dollars for a weekend of glamour and exclusivity — and, of course, a little skiing.

It wasn't always like this. Back fifteen years ago things were different. Most skiers *preferred* to stay in dorms and accepted private rooms and first class billets only if the bunkrooms were filled.

Bob Justis, who runs the Yodeler in Stowe, recalls with relish the days of real economy. "Heck," he says, "we used to sleep in the back of a station wagon and cook our meals over a campfire."

Going back still further, four hundred



Hogback is east of Bennington on Vt. Route 9

RUSSELL L. HARRIS

*Pass up the glamor
and the famous names
for a try of the fine
smaller areas, advises
Vermont-New York journalist
MICHAEL W. SEELY*

area together there."

I got up, leaving some money on the table. "See you back in New York," I said.

She had plenty of money and she also had a point. The big areas had the big trails — the Nosedive, the Fall Line — the big, bawdy trails that bring fame and a following.

That kind of fast company didn't have any counterpart at the small areas. But somehow the atmosphere at the Biggies — like Stowe and Stratton and Killington — left me colder than their chairlifts. They've been called everything from glamorous to exclusive, but real skiing isn't made up of this.

smackeroos sustained our hero, Hemingway, for many months in the antediluvian Twenties when the hearty band of Left Bank expatriates would climb the Alps all day to make one long run down the mountain. The hamburger that costs almost a dollar now had barely been invented, and there were no lifts to charge ten dollars for a day of skiing. Of course, there were no snow bunnies either, and Vermont was a place more famous for its cows than its mountains.

Almost a half century has passed, and today Vermont is justly famed for its skiing: dozens of areas, many of them small, can carry more than 150,000 skiers to the top every hour.

And many Vermont ski fans do not really crave sophistication and razzamataz. These people not only seek skiing in the Green Mountains, but perhaps a place to relate affirmatively to a season, a people and a frequently misstated style of living.

We began in southern Vermont to search for a unique place that offered this kind of down-to-earth appeal. Over the span of several days we drove up through the heart of the Green Mountains past Barre.

Our first stop was Prospect Mountain. Located eight miles east of Bennington on Route 9 (the Molly Stark Trail), locally-owned Prospect offered a prototype of many areas we were to see. It has attractive features, but size is not one of them. Three lifts, including two T-bars, serve ten trails and two slopes. The ski school teaches the American Technique and is staffed by ten instructors. Complete equipment can be rented for \$4, lift tickets are \$4 also, and accommodations within a twenty-mile radius are easy to come by. There is a cafeteria at the bottom of the slopes.

Although the trails are quaintly named after heroes of the Battle of Bennington (which took place almost two hundred years ago), even the tacit recommendation of General John Stark, General Burgoyne and Parson Dewey cannot gain our unqualified enthusiasm.

The serious skier is not likely to fall in love with Prospect Mountain, either. The excitement of a long, tough trail is not to be found here, nor, for that matter, at most of the smaller areas we visited. Vertical drop is a concession the budget-minded skier must be ready to make.

Hoping for better luck at Hogback, we pushed on. Hogback half-jokingly calls itself the "biggest little area in New England." It's a good place for the skiing family, with one of the most exciting views in New England.

Largely the personal venture of Harold and Arnold White when it began in 1946, the ski complex now is owned by a local corporation headed by John L. Dunham. There are about ninety shareholders, most of them resident in nearby Brattleboro.

Dunham feels that the smaller areas definitely have something unique to offer the family.

"There is a more pleasant atmosphere, with none of the Coney Island effect that apparently applies to some of the larger areas," he remarked. "We're a

family area where everyone is most friendly. We have a long list of season ticket holders who are here every weekend. At Hogback everyone seems to know everyone else."

If business is prospering here it's for good reason: thirteen trails, ranging from a few hundred feet to half a mile, are serviced by five lifts, including three T-bars. The daily weekend charge is \$6 for adults and \$3.00 for juniors. The capacity for each lift is about 1,000 skiers per hour, insuring very short lines, even on peak weekends. In addition, a ski school staffed by six instructors offers instruction in American Technique.

Accommodations at the area are lim-

States was at nearby Suicide Six. With a history like this it should come as no surprise that Woodstock has two fine ski areas.

Mount Tom and Suicide Six are both owned by the Rockefeller family, who've summered here for many years. In addition to the ski areas, the family owns and operates the local country club and the recently-completed Woodstock Inn, one of the "Rockresorts" that are going up around the globe.

The skiing family will find that Woodstock is a good destination. Adult tickets are just under five dollars, with the junior price cut in half. Suicide Six has two Pomalifts, twelve trails and eighty acres



Sonnenberg lies northward in Barnard

VDD

ited, but more are available within a short drive on Route 9. When last year's big blizzard closed almost every highway in New England, this road was closed for only a few hours.

It's pretty apparent that there is a lot of wealth in Woodstock, a beautiful town and the site of the first ski tow in the United States. The tow was built in 1934 when a local entrepreneur connected a rope to an old Model T engine. Since then there have been as many as 34 rope tows operating at one time in the vicinity.

Woodstock is also the headquarters for the people who install the Pomalifts, and the first one to be used in the United

of steep, sporty open slopes. Mount Tom, a less challenging hill, is a couple of miles closer to the village, has about the same facilities and, in addition, snowmaking equipment that can cover almost the entire area when Nature doesn't heed the call.

Both areas offer first-rate instruction, reasonably priced, and lift tickets are interchangeable. Learn-to-ski weeks, pegged at \$25, cover five days of skiing, ten hours of lessons and the use of both areas. With lodging thrown in, the tab goes up to \$75.

A family of four should be able to enjoy a weekend here for about \$150. To enjoy the hospitality of the new Inn, add

another hundred dollars. This should not be necessary, though, since accommodations for two hundred are within a short drive of the slopes.

Seven miles up Route 12, just outside Barnard, the out-of-stater can find living proof that if you want to live in Vermont badly enough there's a way to pull it off. Mr. and Mrs. Hans Kurash, the developers of Sonnenberg (Sun Mountain), are the proof. Less than four years ago Sonnenberg was known as Twin Farms, the one-time retreat of Sinclair Lewis and Dorothy Thompson. Then the Kurash family bought it, with an eye for developing it as an exclusive four-season recreation spot.

range from \$4 (weekend-adults) to \$3 (for juniors). Despite limited lodging facilities nearby, Sonnenberg is a good bet for the family seeking spacious slopes and moderate prices.

Pinnacle Skiways is located just eighteen miles up the road in Randolph, in the center of Vermont. Opened by a local corporation in 1965, it has since enjoyed considerable acceptance. It offers low rates (\$5 for adults and \$3.50 for kids), and a definite family orientation. Randolph's Dr. Wilmer Angell agrees that skiing here and at the other small areas offers something unique. "The skiing is good," he says, "and the cost is less."

fifteen minutes west of Waterbury. This is a relatively new operation that doesn't easily fall into our small and economical category. Located near the main ski Route 100, it might bear investigation by skiers who can't give up such creature comforts as swimming pools and saunas. With the assurance of short lines at the four double chairlifts, the \$7 charge seems reasonable.

The family of four should be able to weekend at Boltón for about \$150, including lodging, skiing and meals. There is inexpensive lodging right at the bottom of the slopes and plenty more nearby. The area is ninety percent owned by local residents and the bulk of clientele



Pinnacle Skiways at Randolph

VDD



Middlebury College Snow Bowl

VDD

Kurash, a construction executive from the Philadelphia area, and his wife promised each other that they would retire to Vermont at the age of 40. They missed by one year.

Today skiing has top billing at Sonnenberg. No-wait skiing is guaranteed and you have to call ahead for reservations. One of the area's competitors calls Sonnenberg "one of the most charming areas in Vermont." We agree.

Two Pomalifts service six-and-a-half miles of trails, and a chairlift is planned for the future. A handsome base lodge houses a certified staff teaching American Technique.

Rates at this admittedly exclusive area

Lodging near Pinnacle is limited, as is often the case at the smaller areas, but dorms and family lodging are available.

Pinnacle usually could accommodate another two hundred skiers on weekends and up to five hundred during the week. Favored by families, the majority of its patrons are local residents for whom the area sponsors many programs, including a carnival, during the season.

Pinnacle has a ski shop, a school (teaching French, Austrian and American techniques), and two Pomalifts. Trails range from one quarter to three-fifths of a mile in length. Season tickets run about \$100.

Another good bet is Bolton Valley,

comes from Burlington and Montpelier.

Several more areas appear inviting. Burke Mountain near Lyndonville, for instance, could well become one of the most popular areas in Vermont in the next few years. A sensible financial approach — which features long-term leasing of homes and land — has brought this area to the point of profitability in three years.

Although it's located an hour further north than most areas in Central Vermont, Burke has been able to double its business every year while increasing facilities. Four lifts, with a capacity of 2,500 skiers an hour, service 175 acres of open slopes and twenty-six trails, a

figure that puts Burke just behind some locales as Stowe and Killington. The weekend lift tab was \$6.50 a day last winter. It may be slightly higher this year.

Joe-Pete Wilson, manager of the area, feels that the skiing at the smaller places can claim an edge on that at bigger resorts. "Our people get more skiing in," he said, "because our lift lines are short. The snow is better, too. It's not worn out by big crowds."

Wilson pointed to the economy, also. Learn-to-Ski weeks at Burke are \$28. "You know," he said, "most people just don't take any time to shop around. Skiing doesn't have to be costly, but you

a sojourn at a big southern Vermont area, "they're reasonably priced."

Although we didn't visit them, several other locales looked darned good. Jay Peak, though a major area and located way up north in Troy, is definitely a fine area and reasonable. Okemo Mountain in Ludlow is a fairly big area with fine facilities and plenty of reasonable accommodations nearby. The lift tariff here is \$7.

Others you might want to investigate are Maple Valley in West Dummerston, Round Top at Plymouth Union, Ascutney at Brownsville (near Windsor), Snow Valley (just outside Manchester) and the Middlebury College Snow Bowl.

tire season. The cost is divvied up into "full shares" (meaning the grouper can use the place any weekend), "half shares" (every other weekend), and so on. At areas like Killington, where this practice is commonplace, such a set-up can guarantee a season's lodging for under two or three hundred dollars.

They say familiarity breeds contempt, and any group will readily agree. Sample excerpts from dinner conversations at group houses may range from "You were up last weekend. This is *my* weekend," to "Dammit, I bought this jar of peanut butter."

Another way to cut the room and board cost is to stay some distance from



Bolton Valley, near Waterbury

VDD



Burke Mountain, above St. Johnsbury

VDD

don't find economy by following the leads of high-powered advertising campaigns."

Wilson stressed, also, the camaraderie of the smaller areas. One way this manifests itself is in the special programs like carnivals, but Burke has a few more. A "Name the Trail" contest has resulted in monikers like "East on West," a beginners' trail, and "Hydro-Electric," a trail that crosses a power line. Babysitting is another service Burke offers as a lure to skiing mothers. Special Ladies and Men's Days offer lift ticket, lunch and lesson for \$6. There are accommodations for 1,000 within twenty miles of Burke. "And," Wilson adds, fresh from

While lift tickets at the big resorts are relatively expensive, the bigger portion of the total expense is high-priced lodging and dining. There are ways to avoid these inflated expenses, too. The economy minded, for example, can usually find acceptable dormitory or bunk space close to big areas, and sometimes these accommodations will even offer access to cooking facilities. Ski area associations and local chambers of commerce usually can steer you to these.

The so-called "swinging single" contingent from Boston and New York have devised another economy method that's catching on with families. They form groups and rent a house for an en-

the gilt environs of the big areas. Costs may dwindle as much as fifty percent, but then, so may your energy. Forty extra miles of driving is no way to relax.

The tougher the battle for the skier's dollar becomes, the further the sport will move from its simple origins. None of the smaller areas offers luxurious resort facilities or the allure of sophisticated nightlife, but skiing has always been more than this. Divested of its frills, skiing is fresh air and snow and the good feeling you have after the last run and, above all, the intangible that there is between a mountain and yourself.

This is still around. You just have to look for it.

☺

Tracks in the Winter snow

*provide a fascinating record,
for those who can read its story,
of a whole hidden world of nature.*

By RONALD ROOD

Illustrations by ROBERT CANDY

IT GETS mighty cold on these Vermont winter nights. So cold, in fact, that an antiquated neighbor of mine — eighty years old if he's a day — says he's only forty. Claims he's been frozen solid half his life.

However, there's a limit. And as I stood in the snow on our nature trail contemplating an abandoned thrush's nest, I figured the limit had been passed. Although the trees crack and pop with the cold at thirty below, even an unprotected bird's nest isn't supposed to shiver. Yet that's just what this nest was doing. It shivered so hard that a powder of snow fell off its domed roof and sifted down in the moonlight.

In fact, what was a deserted bird's nest doing with a roof, anyway? Perhaps it wasn't as empty as I'd thought. As I was about to investigate, something on the ground caught my eye. There in front of me was a clue, or rather a whole series of them: tiny, lacy footprints. They ran in lines over the snow, etched in moonlight-and-shadow, and showing the drag mark of a long, slender tail. I was in the presence of a white-footed mouse, one of the many creatures who leave their stories in the snow.

A confirmed tree-climber, the deer mouse, as it is often called, totes milkweed fuzz, feathers from a bird carcass, or even the stuffing from the mattress of a lucky hunting camp, to remodel some bird's summer home. There it can be out of harm's way.

Like many other creatures, the deer mouse shows its habits by its tracks. Its bounding gait, like an animated rubber ball, brings its hind feet in front of its forefeet so the hind tracks register ahead of the smaller front ones. And, like most

tree-dwellers such as the squirrels, the tracks of its forefeet are paired with each other, rather than diagonally placed as in the rabbits and ground-dwelling field mice.

If you learn to identify a few tracks of the common animals you can be in on the start of a whole Winter Whodunit. Tracks and other signs speak volumes about the creature that made them. In fact, what we often call "the dead of winter" can be a fascinating time for animal study. Wherever a living creature goes it leaves a record.

Follow the white-foot, for instance. Here it disappears beneath a shelving ledge, leading you to its hidden storehouse of cherry pits or maple seeds. Here it has nipped and pulled at the frozen punkiness of a rotten log in hopes of finding a slumbering beetle. And over there it suddenly took a frenzied leap for the shelter of that evergreen, while the marks of wing-feathers show where an owl had a near miss.

Not always are the signs easy to read, of course. Often you cannot even be sure you have a track at all. Sometimes the perfect hoofprint of a deer, say, leaves you puzzled, because it's the only one of its kind in the unbroken snow. Hence the old saying among woodsmen: "if it's two or more, it's a track. If it's only one, it's an accident." And so your "hoofprint" turns out not to be a deer at all, but where a piece of bark fell off and buried itself in the snow.

Speaking of deer tracks, the sharply pointed marks of those cloven hoofs are usually easy to spot. It is often possible to guess the sex of the animal, too. The prints of a doe usually tend to be sharper. This may be due not only to her deli-

cate build, but also to the way the buck paws the ground with his feet in autumn and early winter, wearing down his hoofs. In addition, a buck may walk with toes pointed slightly outward.

Follow a deer in its wanderings and you may find where it has browsed on the shrubbery. Lacking teeth in the front of its top jaw — deer, sheep, goats, cattle and antelopes could all use a set of uppers — it has to twist buds and twigs from the stem, rather than nipping them off. So you can tell the feeding activities of the deer by the frayed ends of the twigs. Rabbits, squirrels and other creatures with buck teeth tilt the head sideways. Then they cut the twigs neatly on a slant, as with a knife.

As you gaze at the trail of a deer, you may suddenly realize that it shows only half the number of tracks it should. The prints seem to be in single file, as if it was walking upright on its hind legs only. This is because it steps in almost perfect register — with the hind feet falling in the prints just made by the front feet. Thus it leaves fewer tracks for an enemy to follow. It also makes less noise this way, for it takes less chance of stepping on a twig. Many wild animals walk in perfect register. Domestic dogs — and even cows and horses — are less fastidious, and often show the prints of all four feet.

One of the most careful walkers is the fox. Its prints are usually in exact register, so that its trail through the snow looks like a single line of tracks about eight inches apart. A house cat's trail is like that of a fox, too, but with less space between the prints — and, of course, no sign of claw-marks. A bobcat's tracks are similar to those of its domestic cousin, but larger.

For a fox, a winter's search for food must be an exercise in frustration. If the snow is right, you can often follow it through a whole series of disappointments. Here it sneaked elaborately up on a tuft of grass. You can see the flurry in the snow as it pounced, hoping to surprise a nest of meadow mice. False alarm.

In another place you can see the print of the fox's belly as it crouched low and

Fox lopes

then walks

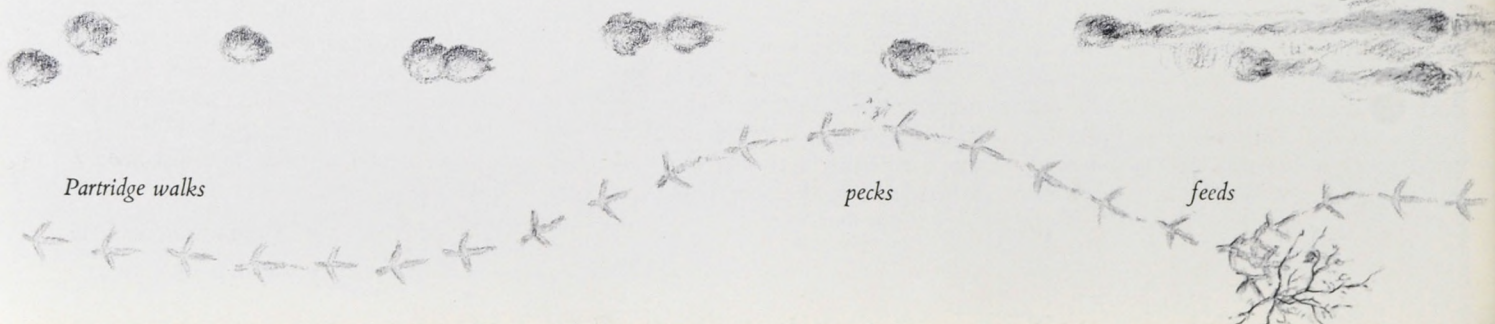
crouches

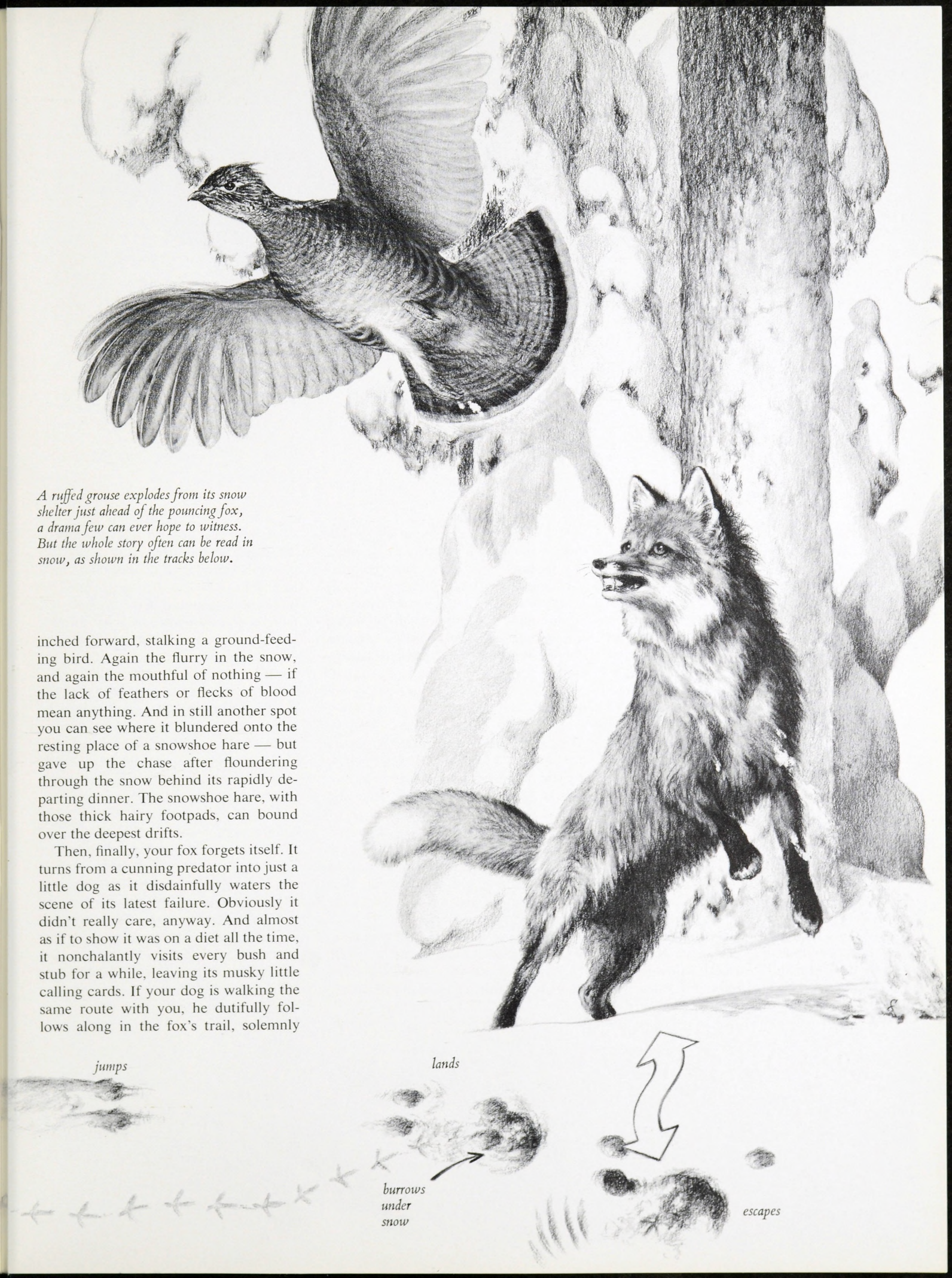
crawls

Partridge walks

pecks

feeds





A ruffed grouse explodes from its snow shelter just ahead of the pouncing fox, a drama few can ever hope to witness. But the whole story often can be read in snow, as shown in the tracks below.

inched forward, stalking a ground-feeding bird. Again the flurry in the snow, and again the mouthful of nothing — if the lack of feathers or flecks of blood mean anything. And in still another spot you can see where it blundered onto the resting place of a snowshoe hare — but gave up the chase after floundering through the snow behind its rapidly departing dinner. The snowshoe hare, with those thick hairy footpads, can bound over the deepest drifts.

Then, finally, your fox forgets itself. It turns from a cunning predator into just a little dog as it disdainfully waters the scene of its latest failure. Obviously it didn't really care, anyway. And almost as if to show it was on a diet all the time, it nonchalantly visits every bush and stub for a while, leaving its musky little calling cards. If your dog is walking the same route with you, he dutifully follows along in the fox's trail, solemnly

jumps

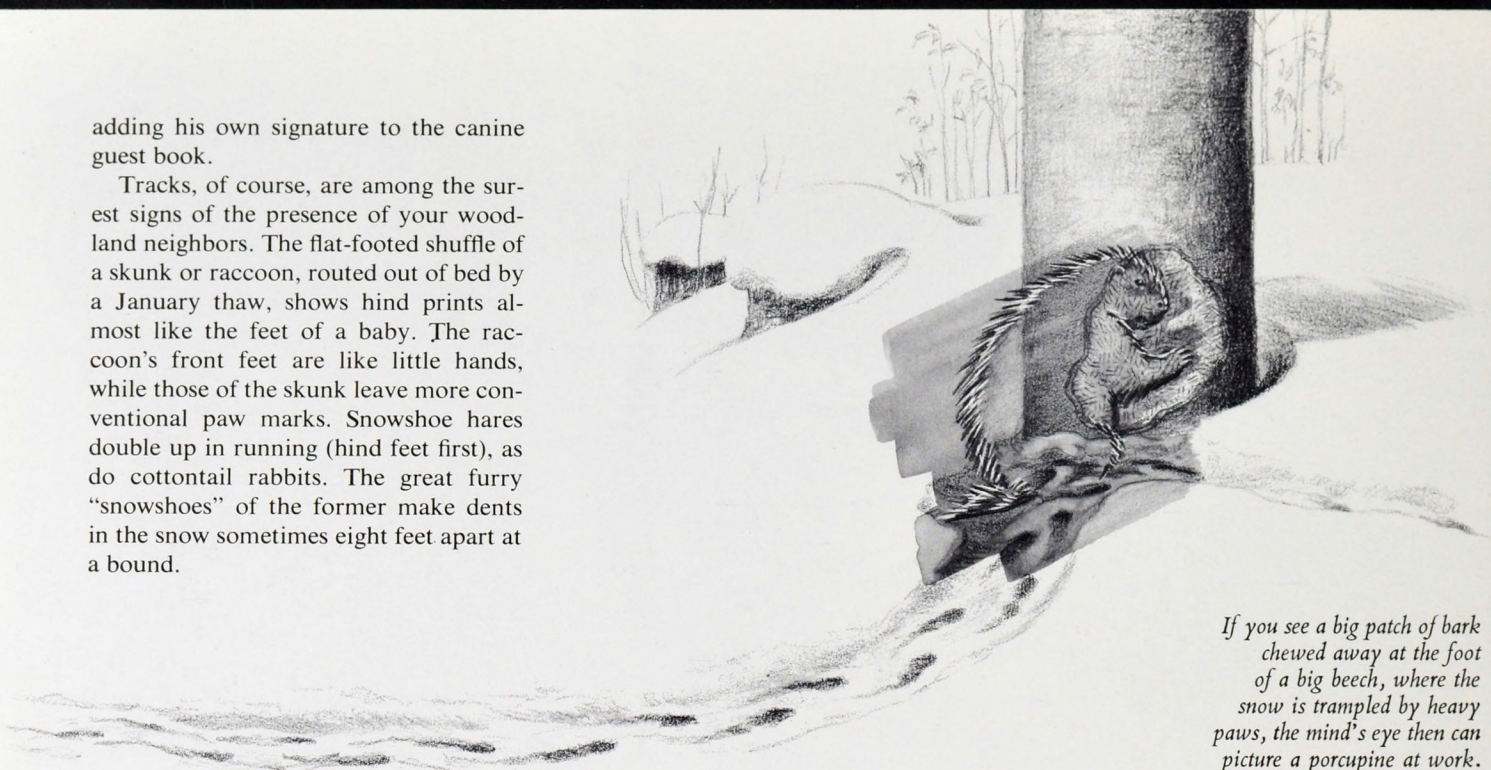
lands

burrows
under
snow

escapes

adding his own signature to the canine guest book.

Tracks, of course, are among the surest signs of the presence of your woodland neighbors. The flat-footed shuffle of a skunk or raccoon, routed out of bed by a January thaw, shows hind prints almost like the feet of a baby. The raccoon's front feet are like little hands, while those of the skunk leave more conventional paw marks. Snowshoe hares double up in running (hind feet first), as do cottontail rabbits. The great furry "snowshoes" of the former make dents in the snow sometimes eight feet apart at a bound.



If you see a big patch of bark chewed away at the foot of a big beech, where the snow is trampled by heavy paws, the mind's eye then can picture a porcupine at work.

Portly porcupines plow peacefully along making a double trail of prints. Hopelessly pigeontoed as befits their habit of embracing the limbs of trees, they leave a channel in the snow like that of a rickety bulldozer. Beavers and muskrats waddle, too. Unlike the porky, their tails usually leave a mark — wide for the beaver, narrow for the muskrat. And, of course, neither one of them suddenly climbs a tree like the porcupine.

Unfortunately, tracks aren't always — or even usually — as clear as they appear in the scout manuals and camping books. More often they seem to be just a jumbled mess — especially if you're not in practice on this sort of thing. Besides, there are plenty of climbers and flyers that seldom leave bona fide "tracks" at all. So you have to look for other signs if you're interested in what's happening in the Vermont winter-escape.

Tiny flecks, for instance, lying on the unbroken snow may each have the shape of a miniature fleur-de-lis. Looking up, you find they are the scales from the

cone-like catkins of a birch above you. Torn away and fluttering to the ground, the delicate scales show that a sparrow was looking for seeds, perhaps, or some other bird was searching for insects. In another spot a sifting of chaff beneath a tuft of last years grass shows where a junco pulled the heads apart to get the seeds.

Out on the snow beneath the gaunt branches of a staghorn sumac is a fuzzy reddish mass. Here's where a bird — perhaps a chickadee — tried to satisfy the pinch of hunger in its tiny innards. Tearing the heads of the sumac apart, it searched for the slumbering spiders and insects which often take shelter there. Over here it whacked away at a golden-rod gall, drilling a hole in it like a pocket-sized woodpecker as it sought out the gall's inhabitant, a little white grub. And there it hopefully pecked at a frozen apple dried on the tree.

The snow is pulled and scraped away from a ledge at the steep side of a trail. This is the work of a deer, searching through the thinner snow cover on the

slope for a few ferns or a bit of moss. If the snow has lain deep, you can probably see where the deer stood on its hind legs and reached as high as it could for buds and twigs. And if the deer are numerous, there may be a regular "browse line" through the forest where they've eaten everything they could find in the lower branches. They may even chew on exposed clods of earth or gnaw the trunks of trees in an attempt to ease the pains of hunger.

Tree bark may find itself the unwilling object of attention from a number of winter wanderers. If it's nibbled way up on the limbs, this is probably the work of a porcupine. Porkies, however, don't confine their gnawing to tree limbs, as woeful owners of tasty hunting camps can tell you. And a big old beech tree may be nibbled along the exposed roots and lower trunk only: the bark is too smooth for porkies to climb. In fact, about the only sizeable animal that can go up a big beech is the black bear. You can sometimes find his claw marks in ascending crescents where he shinnied up



Meadow mouse

Short-tail shrew

the tree last fall after beech nuts before turning in for the winter.

Trees can tell you about other creatures, too. Mice and rabbits sometimes completely girdle a small tree by nibbling all the bark possible — the mice at the snow line and below, the rabbits as high as they can reach. Later, in spring, the height at which the rabbits have chewed will tell you how deep the snow was in winter.

A sapling bent and rubbed free of its bark is probably the work of last autumn's buck deer, rubbing the "velvet" off its antlers. And a mouse or small bird impaled on a thorn marks the larder of a butcherbird, or shrike. This is one of the few song-birds on earth that preys on others of its kind. I've watched a shrike chase a chickadee over a snowfield like a swallow after a moth — and with the same inevitable result.

The toed-in tracks of a ruffed grouse cross your trail among the evergreens. Placed one almost directly in front of the other, they weave under an overhanging branch. At another place they tight-rope their way along a fallen log. The temporary "snowshoe" of comblike fringes along the toes makes them appear twice as large as they would be in summer.

Where the grouse has rested overnight in a spruce, or has spent an hour nipping off the buds of a wild apple tree, scattered droppings in the snow beneath give evidence of the visit. And if you're lucky you may be able to see where the grouse dived into a snowbank to keep warm on a bitter night — and then burst out again with the coming of day.

Bits of bark on the snow point out that a nuthatch has poked into the crevices of a tree in its upside-down fashion. Thus the little bark-climbing bird cuts down on next summer's insect population before it can get started. Shreds of wood tell of a woodpecker's search for borers in a tree limb above. And a little heap of wedge-shaped scales on a stump show where a squirrel dined on a pine cone as he sat and watched for enemies.

The streams and ponds have their stories, too. A stream-living beaver near my home apparently got a slow start on stocking his pantry for winter. Perhaps he'd been kicked out of his original home. Or he may have been dumped there by some disgruntled farmer.

At any rate, the beaver got going too late to stow his food underwater, and so he had to forage for himself all winter.

To add to his troubles the little stream was frozen too thickly to allow him to swim beneath the ice. So there he apparently was, night after night, dragging home bits of aspen in pieces and plunging into the nearest patch of tumbling water. Then, unable to do a successful ferrying job through its icy shallows, he'd emerge again and hopefully try the next hole. I could see the evidence of his labors in drag-marks over the snow.

A mink bounds like a great furry inchworm along the edge of the stream. It leaves a trail of tracks two-by-two as it pops in and out of each hole, seeking trout, minnows or crayfish. And once in two or three years I can find where an otter has visited a certain steep snowbank along a river near my home. Climbing to the top of the bank, it seems to ponder a moment. Then it lies down on its belly, tucks its forelegs along its side — and careens down its snow slide and out onto the ice.

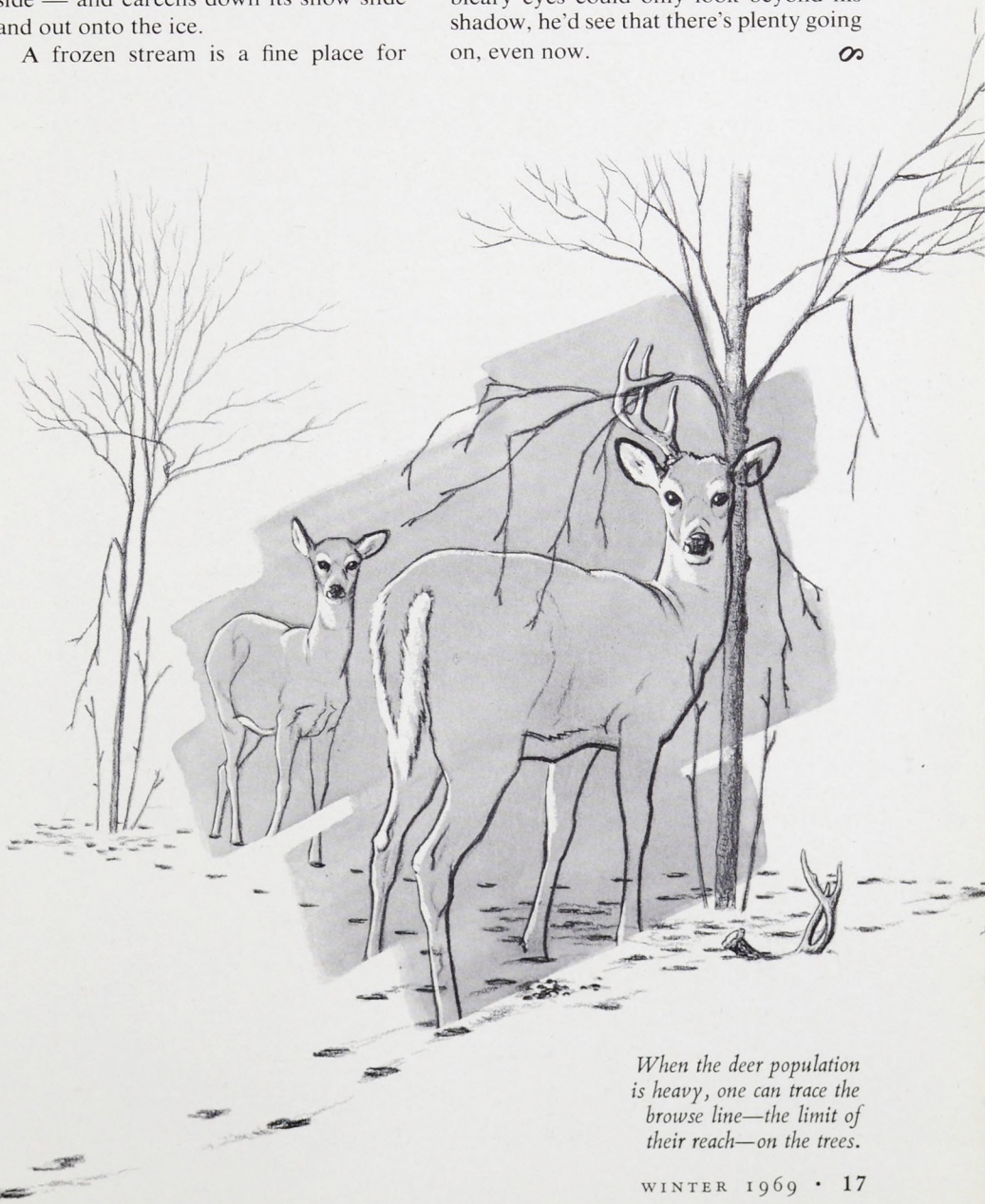
A frozen stream is a fine place for

tracks. All manner of creatures use it for a highway. Our little river keeps building stories in the snow nightly — until a new snowfall comes along and wipes the slate clean.

Occasionally a warm winter's day will rouse a woodchuck from his slumbers. Perhaps the meltwater from the snow seeps into his den and serves as a chilly alarm clock. Or maybe one of the skunks or rabbits that often share his home has blundered across his snoozing form. At any rate, once or twice during the winter he may awaken and stretch himself. Then, if he happens to come out on February 2, he fulfills the legend of groundhog day.

Tradition points to the woodchuck — or groundhog, if you prefer — as the only living creature stirring at this time of the year. But the big, nearsighted rodent should stay up a little longer. If his bleary eyes could only look beyond his shadow, he'd see that there's plenty going on, even now.

∞



When the deer population is heavy, one can trace the browse line—the limit of their reach—on the trees.



Ornate brass-railed balconies reached by circular staircases, rich, dark woodwork and lofty ceilings, help to keep the charm and period flavor of an earlier era. Old gas light fixtures have been retained, but inconspicuous ceiling panels which simulate skylights, provide modern illumination. New but fitting also is glassed entrance area.

Stack room at left shows large lobby and reading room beyond. Looking other way from balconies, right, the art gallery appears beyond. New children's room is reached below balcony at far left. Opposite right is a reference room just off front lobby area.

**A gift to
St. Johnsbury
many years ago,
the Athenaeum
continues** as the
community's much
alive cultural center.

By RICHARD WOLKOMIR
Photographs by
W. BERNARD HAMBY



WHEN A STUDENT of St. Johnsbury Academy was stumped by a problem recently, she followed a tradition set by generations of her townsmen and marched directly to the St. Johnsbury Athenaeum, an immense, cupolaed edifice of red brick on the hill.

Pushing through the wide glass doors, the girl strode to the circulation desk and reported:

"I want to know how to freeze a fish, so when I unfreeze it later it's alive."

For two hours Director Mrs. Aurilla Gladding, her assistants and the student searched together through the Athenaeum's large library. Mrs. Gladding called the district fisheries biologist for confirmation and finally concluded: "It can't be done."

"Well, I didn't think so," the girl said. "Thanks anyway."

Mrs. Gladding and her predecessors have had to be experts at unravelling all kinds of knotty questions, because for nearly one hundred years the St. Johnsbury Athenaeum has been the town's intellectual and cultural center. And it looks the part, for from attic to basement the richly wood-paneled interior is crammed with books and paintings. Visitors who inadvertently open the door to a broom closet find themselves eyeing a bust of Cicero.

Chiefly a library and an art museum today, the Athenaeum's halls have resounded in the past to the deep chords of concert orchestras, the sonorous phrases of lecturers, the commanding tones of United States presidents and once, the barking of Eskimo sled dogs.

The dog episode dates back to the turn of the century, when polar explorer





Imposing portrait of Athenaeum's first director, Edward Fairbanks, presides over center room.

Robert E. Peary passed through St. Johnsbury and spoke at the Athenaeum, surrounded by his trusty malemutes. On August 26, 1891, President Benjamin Harrison greeted 15,000 cheering citizens from the Athenaeum's balcony. And President William Howard Taft addressed the town from the same spot on October 9, 1912. Taft informed the proud citizens that he had appointed a St. Johnsbury man, Judge Henry C. Ide, to serve on the Philippines Commission.

It was fitting that Edward F. Fairbanks be the first director, for the Athenaeum was donated to St. Johnsbury by his uncle — Governor Horace Fairbanks. A wealthy scion of the family that had invented the platform scale, Governor Fairbanks' philanthropy antedated the Carnegie era by a quarter century. Apparently, his generosity was partly inspired by rivalry with his brother, Franklin. And shortly after the Athenaeum opened, Franklin gave the town its fine science museum.

The more the brothers vied, the more the public benefitted, and the Athenaeum was a success from the start. Governor Fairbanks gathered paintings and architectural ideas in Europe, entrusting his notions to architect John Davis Hatch of New York City. It took three years to build the Athenaeum, and four months more to install the books and paintings, but in 1871 the doors were ready to open.

Three evenings of addresses marked the opening, and speakers delivered their lectures to capacity crowds. Andrew E. Rankin, Esq., discussed "the educational importance of the library as a school of learning and culture." The next evening, Pastor Lewis O. Brastow of the South Church expatiated upon "the dignity and worth of fine literature." The final speaker was Edward Fairbanks, the newly appointed director.

He must have brooded over his talk, determined to top the first speakers. The result was a one-hour, ten-minute monologue: "a colloquy in which Bion, Mago, and Quelp (three imaginary youths home from college), conversed in genteel tones while inspecting the alcoves and dipping into the pages of the books, in the process giving an outline description of the treasures here stored for the use of the people."

In fact, the Athenaeum boasted rural New England's finest library. The books had been collected in London by the distinguished William F. Poole, librarian of

the Boston Athenaeum and the Cincinnati and Chicago libraries. He had purchased the 8,000 books in England because American bookbinding was considered inferior to the British product.

A newspaper correspondent reporting on the opening wrote: "These books are as judiciously selected, as costly and as handsomely bound as can be found in any gentleman's private collection. With their bright colors and gilding they give a splendor to the bookshelves which I venture to say cannot be seen in any public library in the country. The founder of this library believes that the handsomer and costlier the books, the less they will be injured by the borrower."

Governor Fairbanks' trust in the public wasn't total, however, for he published an eight-page book of library rules. Borrowers were allowed only one volume at a time, children needed signed certificates from their parents to withdraw books, and there was an intricate list of stipulations that would have nonplussed a lawyer.

Besides the library, the Athenaeum contained an assembly hall and an art gallery, added in 1873. The gallery is now the oldest in the country that is still in its original form. Soft light from an overhead skylight gleams on the black walnut paneled walls and the solid black walnut floor.

The gallery's initial collection of fifty paintings and sculptures (the collection now exceeds one hundred works) the governor had purchased on his travels, and the result was eclectic — Victorian artists, the Hudson River school, and copies of paintings by Van Dyck, Raphael, Rembrandt, Fra Angelico, and other masters.

Dominating the collection, then and now, is an immense canvas, measuring ten feet by fifteen feet, called "Domes of the Yosemite." Created by Albert Bierstadt, one of the first artists to explore and paint in the American West, it is a panoramic vista of awesome buttes and a lush valley.

Originally commissioned by a wealthy Connecticut man who lost his fortune, the canvas came into the hands of A. S. Hatch, a Wall Street broker who was the brother of the Athenaeum's architect. Thus, Governor Fairbanks was able to snap up the painting and transport it to St. Johnsbury, to the outrage of the urban intelligentsia. Critics as far off as San Francisco railed against the removal of the painting to a rural village, and the

New York Times exclaimed: "It is now doomed to the obscurity of a Vermont town where it will astonish the natives."

Athenaeum Director Edward Fairbanks retorted: "The people who live in this obscurity are nevertheless quite capable of appreciating the dignity it lends to this small village."

Bierstadt himself, a chunky man with a huge mustache, traveled to St. Johnsbury each summer until his death to view his painting and touch it up.

In fact, Bierstadt's work was not as isolated in St. Johnsbury as urbanites assumed. The town's scale works drew visitors from all over the world, and they all passed through the Athenaeum. Arab sheiks have signed the guest book, and the first signature in the register was inscribed by a Mr. Block, of Moscow, a Russian merchant. Teddy Roosevelt was a visitor, as was Henry M. Stanley, the journalist who found Dr. Livingstone in Africa.

A Japanese gentleman, Mr. S. Kanake, visited the Athenaeum in 1894, and afterwards he attended a reception at the Sunset House for Elderly Women. Mystified by the inscrutable occidentals, he wrote to his brother in Yokohama:

"I have this evening been to a great banqueting in honor of the ripe aged women of the city who live in a Sunset House. Curious indeed is the way of get-

ting to the place of food delivery. A company of the hungry get themselves by the door. Then when it opens, that is like the bursting of the dam on the river Yedogawa. Among youthful natives of the masculine sort one may see vast appetite for sugared cakes and a sort of frozen mush which they partake of with multitudinousness."

It is a mystery how he acquired this letter, but Edward Fairbanks preserved it along with many other Athenaeum mementoes. Usually an acid observer of the passing scene, he took boundless pride in the Athenaeum.

He recorded that "every New Year's Eve while Governor Fairbanks was alive the building was open for a reception for the entire town. The cheery throngs of citizens, the brightly lighted gallery with its fresh works of art, the orchestral music, the profusion of conservatory bloom and greenery, crowned with the hearty welcome of the host and his family, made these occasions memorable for their novelty, attractiveness, and social privilege."

He also noted that the Athenaeum frequently presented noted lecturers on elevated subjects, such as Professor John Fiske, who conducted a course on American history, and Professor W.D. Ganning, who presented a series "on the Life History of the Planet."



Director Aurilla Gladding does much reference searching for library patrons of all ages.



Gallery's prize is Bierstadt's huge "Domes of the Yosemite." Below is small "Slave Girl" figure by Hiram Powers, and left below bust of Athenaeum's donor, Gov. Horace Fairbanks. Opposite, a reference alcove, used by generations of St. Johnsbury students.



Mr. Fairbanks also faithfully recorded minor incidents, such as the note dropped by a schoolboy that read: "Henry Clay — find all I can about him and go to the library in the sycopideer."

Mr. Fairbanks was perpetually astonished at the book titles requested by St. Johnsburyites. *When Knighthood Was In Flower*, he complained was transmogrified into "a nocturnal romance entitled *When Midnight Was In Bloom*." Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun* became *The Stone Deer*, and a resident who wanted Henry Drummond's *The Greatest Thing In The World* asked instead for *The Best Thing Out*. Other titles requested from the bemused director included *The Swiss Family Crusoe*, *Hamlet's Ghost*, and *The Third Scene of Shakespeare*.

His most withering scorn was reserved for those benighted souls who couldn't spell "Athenaeum." His files bulged with letters addressed to such non-existent institutions as the Athe-meun, Anthanaeum, Athenalum, Antena-eum, Athaseum, Athendeum, Athebaeum, Aleneun, Attmeanns, Nathenaum, Athehaeum, Theatoreum, Anthewalum, Ackerman, Thebacum, and the Atha.

Several writers located the Athenaeum in the town of St. Johnsbird. Mr.

Fairbanks himself was sometimes hailed as "the editor of the St. Johnsbird Athenlum," as "Mr. Faircanter," or simply as "FairCawks." Strangest of all were a series of letters mailed to Mr. St. Johnsbury A. Thenacum, or St. Johnsbury & Theueum, or to a certain Athemaene, Esq.

However they spelled it, the Athenaeum was important to the people of St. Johnsbury, as it still is today.

Around 1900, though, one citizen sent an angry letter to the editor of the local paper, pillorying the Athenaeum for not subscribing to the *Arena Magazine*, because "it occasionally carries an article that the library powers that be consider to reflect an unorthodox opinion! Such action I — in common with many other people — consider to be founded on bigoted intolerance, ignorance, and narrow prejudice. Such wretched mistakes by a certain element in this town is what has given the town such a name for whited sepulchre 'morality' throughout Vermont and New England. The era of mental and intellectual freedom has arrived nearly everywhere else. Why not in St. Johnsbury?"

That letter, carefully preserved by Edward Fairbanks, is the one sour note on record in the Athenaeum's century of

service to St. Johnsbury. Today, the institution does double-duty as a community classroom where students come to learn about libraries and art. The children's room has its own murals of Dutch children skating. For models, the artist put local youngsters on roller skates and watched them glide up and down the sidewalk.

Library experts have termed the Athenaeum "the best small-town reference library in New England," and each year students from colleges across the country come to view the paintings in the gallery. *Time* and *Harper's* magazines have both published articles about the Athenaeum in recent years.

St. Johnsbury expresses its support of the Athenaeum each year with an appropriation from the city budget. Governor Fairbanks' original endowment, and twenty smaller gifts, were sufficient until 1920. Last year the town allocated a surprising twenty thousand dollars to the Athenaeum.

No one, however, has been able to solve the building's most perplexing problem, for the Athenaeum literally has bats in its belfry. Every summer they swoop down from the attic into the library and the art gallery, where they sometimes are seen to flutter eerily past the marble bust of Horace Fairbanks. ☞

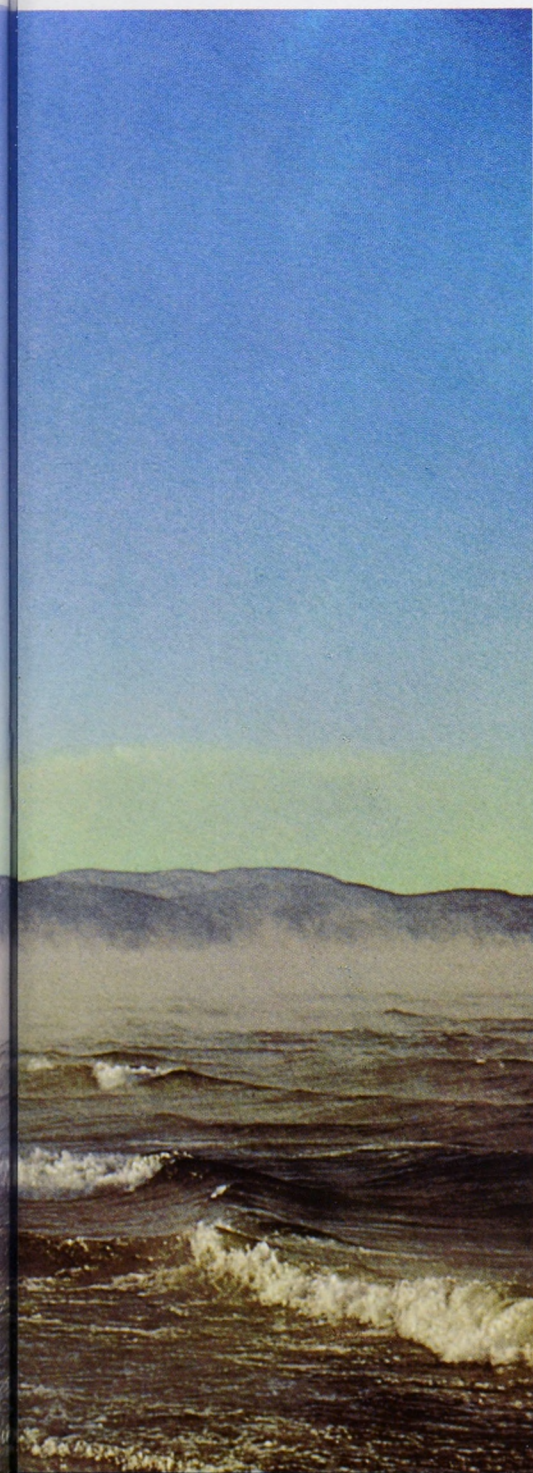




**The Violent Beauty
of Lake Champlain's
long struggle** *in the*

*icy grip of early winter,
is told and photographed
by CLYDE SMITH*





MY daughter was only five when I took her to the lake one cold winter day, to see the piles upon piles of broken ice slabs. It seemed to her as though the world had suddenly turned inside out. Imagine looking through a piece of Lake Champlain!

A child has many questions about this great mystery of the lake. But the answers aren't easy. Even to an adult the forces involved in this liquid-to-solid transformation are

almost beyond comprehension.

The transition usually begins early in December. Freezing temperatures and the pounding winds toss the open water into a steaming cauldron. Spray and mist are swept along the shores, encasing every object in a frozen shell of gleaming splendor. Blades of grass, twigs and stones, cloaked in bizarre costumes, form weird ice sculptures.

(continued on page 29)

Champlain comes to life again

as soon as deep winter builds for us its vast playground of ice.

by MURRAY HOYT

ON A below-zero winter day Archie Bodette, who has lived all his sixty-odd years next to Lake Champlain or one of its feeder streams, unlocks the padlock on the door of his "shanty," enters, lights the bottled-gas stove. In minutes the interior is cozy, and he takes off his heavy winter coat.

A car honks and he steps outside for a word with his nephew. Another car with out-size wheels, made over to travel in heavy snow (and bearing no number plates), passes, and a snowmobile comes by, too. Their drivers wave and stop at neighboring cabins. There are over fifty buildings in this small village.

As Archie turns back, a skater whizzes past.

A skater?

Right. This village — and many others like it — is atop twenty feet of water and is half a mile out from shore. Through holes in the ice, and wooden trap doors in the floors of these small buildings, Archie and the other owners sit all day fishing for smelt or perch, warm and comfortable. They will, in the aggregate, go home with thousands of pounds of high protein food to eat or sell. The made-over vehicles are used only on the lake.

Lake Champlain has always presented a 120 mile long barrier between Vermont and northern New York. But it also has been a recreation center and even a highway.

"Only now not as much as it used to be when I was a boy," Archie says. "With cars and cleared highways and skiing, Vermont's center of winter recreation has moved to the high backbone of the state where the ski areas and lodges are located. There's still a lot of life and motion on the lake surface, though; summer visitors would never believe how much."

Back in the horse and sleigh days a fisherman who lived any distance away

could never drive home for the night as he can today. He got around this by sleeping right there in his shanty on a hinged bunk fastened to its walls. Nor was fishing the only activity that called people to the lake in those days. Horse races were held on the ice, the horses shod with special shoes.

The hardier young males cleared the snow from an area of ice and played shinny, a non-regulation-type hockey. With no sideboards and a round flat rock for a puck, a great deal of playing time was spent in finding the puck in snowbanks.

There were evening skating parties, and each had its huge, cheerful, driftwood, Currier and Ives bonfire. If there was snow, a small bay area was cleared for the party. When there was no snow and there was moonlight, the group might skate for miles.

"When one of us took his girl for a Sunday afternoon drive," says Archie, "it was easier on the horse to pull the sleigh over the undrifted lake, which usually had only a thin blanket of snow, than inland over the drifted stretches that were roads in summer. For my brothers and sisters and me, living on a lakeside farm, it was easier to skate or walk across to Port Henry, N.Y. to go to dances or the movies, than it was to reach any Vermont village."

"Nowadays there are bridges that you can reach on bare roads even in mid-winter. It's almost never that anyone crosses the lake on the ice now. In my youth, though, we crossed by canoe or rowboat or ferry in summer. And in winter everybody crossed with teams on 'winter roads.' These might not be anywhere near the regular roads. They were laid out to take advantage of some low gully in the steep bank of the lake."

THE use of these winter roads was by no means confined to pleasure-seeking. Commerce between the two states flowed better than in summer once the ice had reached adequate thickness. There were no ferry charges in winter; you just drove your loaded double sleigh across to New York's shore, unloaded, maybe got a return load and drove back. Huge loads of logs, grain, hay, food products and many other items flowed back and forth across the ice all winter.

In bright cold weather the trip was easy and safe. In bad or thawing weather it could be hair-raising. There are stories of teams that broke through, or drivers who drove in circles during a blizzard when visibility was nil, of drivers who

turned gradually until they drove into open water.

To avoid these dangers, the main lake roads were marked by a row of evergreens set in the ice close enough together so that even in the severest blizzard the driver crossing could see the next tree before he lost sight of the one he had just passed. Also the marked roads allowed a stranger to avoid areas made weak by unseen currents.

IN earlier times, before mechanical refrigeration, Champlain ice was cut in huge quantities. Each farm had its own ice house and the farmer filled it from the nearest lake "cutting" for summer cooling of milk. Some entrepreneur with the necessary saws, pike poles, and other equipment, plus teams and labor, would establish the cutting and charge all who needed ice a flat rate per cake. It was easier for a farmer to pay such a charge than to keep money tied up in needed equipment himself. Ice was also cut for lake cities and villages. And it was shipped by train to New York and Boston and other far places.

"These cuttings were dangerous too," Archie says. "Ice would reform in the cut rectangular area, and perhaps be covered with snow that night. It might not be thick enough to hold a team or even the weight of a man, but it would look solid. So evergreens were placed outlining the cutting to warn strangers."

CHAMPLAIN is such a huge body of water that it cools down slowly. The wider and deeper sections cool down last. In the first phase of this process the lake "steams." Mist rises from the warmer-than-air water. It happens only on the coldest nights and ordinarily stops by mid-morning.

The second phase usually comes on a still, exceptionally cold night. The whole surface skims over, first the bays, then the broader areas outside the bays. The first time, or even the first several times, this happens the wind may break it up again.

But there will come a night so calm and cold that the bay will stay frozen. The ice thus formed is highly elastic and is called "rubber ice" or "teeter ice." The more daring (or foolhardy) of the young men in earlier times would run "teeters" over ice like this. The secret of success was in continuing motion. You ran or skated as fast as you could across the new ice from solid ground to solid ground. The ice would bend with you alarmingly but would not break. At least that's what you hoped.

Once a section of the lake "caught" for good, it would not be long before that surface was safe for common walking, skating, fishing. Then in rapid succession you'd see the first fish shanties, then the first vehicles out on the ice.

Years differ, but a good rule of thumb is that the area south of Lake Champlain Bridge and most bays throughout the length of the lake, will freeze in December. The area between the Champlain Bridge and Split Rock, which is narrow but includes some exceptionally deep water, freezes in January. The broad lake from Split Rock north, freezes in late February if at all. Usually this latter area stays frozen a short while and is never entirely safe for vehicles.

THE ice thickens gradually. At first fishermen can use a line of tip-ups, with a hole dug for each. Later, the ice gets so thick — most years two feet or more — that unless the holes are opened each day the task of digging a worthwhile number of tip-up holes would bring on a heart-attack in all but the very young.

As long as the ice stays bare of snow, skaters can go for miles. But a rink-oriented skater will be astonished how drastically even a very light wind blowing toward you will slow you down and make the legs ache. Conversely there is the exhilaration of vastly multiplied speed when skating *with* even a light breeze; you seem to fly. When the snow comes, as it inevitably does, skating activity is confined to cleared places.

With the advent of snow you get the winter look of the lake, so different from the summer look. In this vast world of white it is even hard to distinguish where the lake leaves off and the surrounding meadows and pastures begin. The rim of mountains is no longer green, it is white — a dark-flecked white because of the bare trees, not the pure white of the lake. Evergreen patches on the mountains look almost black in contrast, instead of summer green. Everything is beautiful in its own hushed, white way. The scene is indescribably cold, even in bright sunlight.

CRACKS will appear as the ice "makes." Sometimes these extend for miles. The ice heaves up into pressure ridges; the worst of these, sometimes several feet high. It heaves because freezing water expands. Occasionally the ice at the crack heaves down instead of up. These latter cracks are very dangerous because the lake water comes through and makes a new surface above the heaved area

which takes a considerable time to freeze hard enough to hold a person. In the meantime it is a hazard for skaters.

SOMETIMES in mid-winter the temperature rises to create what is lumped off as a "January Thaw." The ice remains safe, but there is water on it from the melting snow coat. Sometimes the thaw is moderate, sometimes it is protracted and removes all the snow cover. Weak spots may occur in the surface for many reasons, mostly because of water currents under the ice.

Then as suddenly, as it appeared, the thaw will be over and the bitter cold will return. The lake will get a new, smooth, snowless surface. Even frozen slush makes a fairly good new surface for skating if too many tracks weren't made in it when it was soft.

With the freezing, the skaters and skate-sailors and even the ice-boaters are given a new lease on life. The increased activity lasts until the next heavy snow storm.

But the sun, as the winter wears on, develops more bite. On the south sides of fish shanties, puddles of water appear. Some shanties that have been in place all winter, have to be moved to firm ice. The sheet of ice is still solid and there will be weeks more of good fishing. But the first signs of the eventual break-up have appeared.

The sun grows stronger. The snow cover on land begins to melt, the rivers spew their freshet waters into the lake. The level of the lake rises. When this happens the lake's ice cover no longer fits. Soon maybe fifteen feet of open water appears between the floating ice cover and the shore. Early arriving Merganser ducks chase smelt in this open strip. Planks are placed across the open water at strategic spots to provide footing out to the ice body, which is still intact.

Now sometimes comes a period of unseasonably warm weather. Shanty owners rush to remove their property from the lake before it is too late.

"Early morning after a freezing night is the best time for such a chore," Archie says. Even then there are likely to be breath-taking adventures for the tidiest, and a few wet feet or worse.

After that the main sheet of ice is likely to deteriorate rapidly. It "rots" and takes on a dark, water-soaked look. It "honeycombs," leaving solid ice-slivers sticking up as it melts around them. Later the hard crystals or slivers melt enough to fall with a musical, tinkling

sound. On a warm spring day without wind, or days with the sun beating down on the rotting ice surface, from shore you can hear the nearby crystals fall. "Whispering ice" you'll never forget once you hear it.

Now there's a period of waiting. Spring has reached everything, everywhere, except the imprisoned waters. All living things have abandoned the vast surface to a few strutting crows, that pick at debris left where the shanties had been. The only sign of former human presence is one crazily tilted, half submerged, doomed shanty that has been left too long.

Some time after that, look for a hard wind. It will break up the surface, drive the pieces against the hard ice remaining and in turn break it into floes. The power of breaking-up ice in a really big lake is awe-inspiring. Driven against a shore, it will pile high, slide up onto the ice already there, and grind under the lashing of the storm and the force of the floes behind it. If it is driven against piers, docks, or bridge abutments hard enough, these will crumble under its onslaught. If it is driven against trees which the risen waters have reached, it will chew the trunks until the trees are doomed. The power is not a banging, slashing thing, not a burst of power. It is an inexorable grinding power, as awful as it is slow.

ONCE the lake has broken up, you are astonished at the rapidity with which the remaining floating ice disappears completely. This has given rise to the idea, which you often hear, that the ice sinks. The most reliable scientific sources say, rather testily, that this is completely untrue; ice continues to float no matter how rotten it becomes. It breaks up, shreds and crystalizes; but to the bitter end it floats.

You'll have a solid sheet of ice one day, the next one or two you may have a few ice floes, maybe the fourth there will be nothing but whispering ice near to shore in some bays, open water elsewhere as far as you can see.

Thus ends, as it has ended for all the generations since man came here and for many eons before man, the winter part of the year's cycle for Lake Champlain.

"We've looked forward to it; but by the time it is over most of us are glad to see it go," Archie says.

The ice is gone, the winter is gone; summer is on its way. Now there will be other pleasures before Champlain will again welcome the ice.





(continued from page 25)

The crags and cliffs, coated by the freezing spray, bare their icy fangs to the mounting surf, wind-whipped now to ocean size. Meanwhile steaming clouds swirl upward from the tempest.

Finally in the shortened days the waters subside almost to the point of congealing. On a quiet night a skim coat forms, and if the frigid calm continues, the ice thickens, booming eerie sounds throughout the great sheet.

The lake thrashes to life again as violent winds rip open the quiet. Clattering like broken dishes, the shattered surface slides into jagged piles. But the struggle is weak now and soon the long sleep begins. ∞



**The Sunlight
in Vermont
seems brightest
on the snow,**

*and photographers as well as
skiers try to make the most
of every glorious winter day.*

*The morning's golden sunlight strikes in
low across the nestled village
of Worcester, above, as filmed by
CLYDE SMITH on a chill January day.
Beyond, rimming this Winooski valley
branch, stands the heavy line
of the Worcester Mountains.*

*The same month of the year, skiers, on a
shining morning filmed by PETER MILLER,
glide across the open slopes of
Bromley Mountain, near Manchester.*







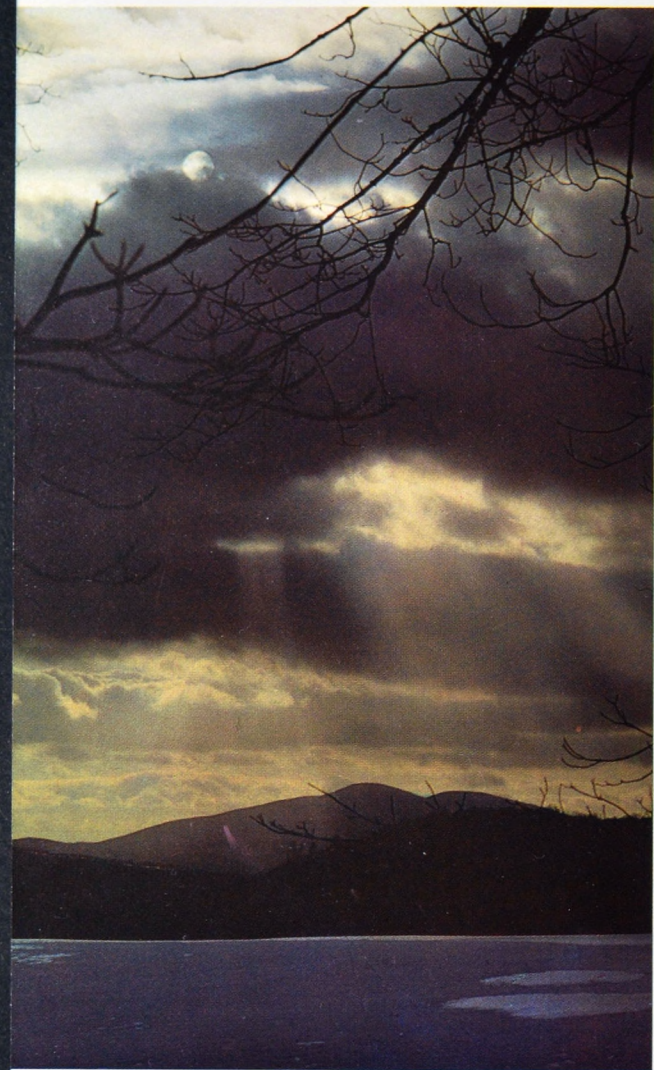
The icy mist of a cold morning filters the early light, thus adding a pinkish hue to this dramatic view of Mansfield filmed by CLYDE SMITH, at the same time softening the details of the mountain's towering shoulder.

Above, after a new snow fall, two skiers filmed by PETER MILLER at Stratton, chase their shadows down the mountain.

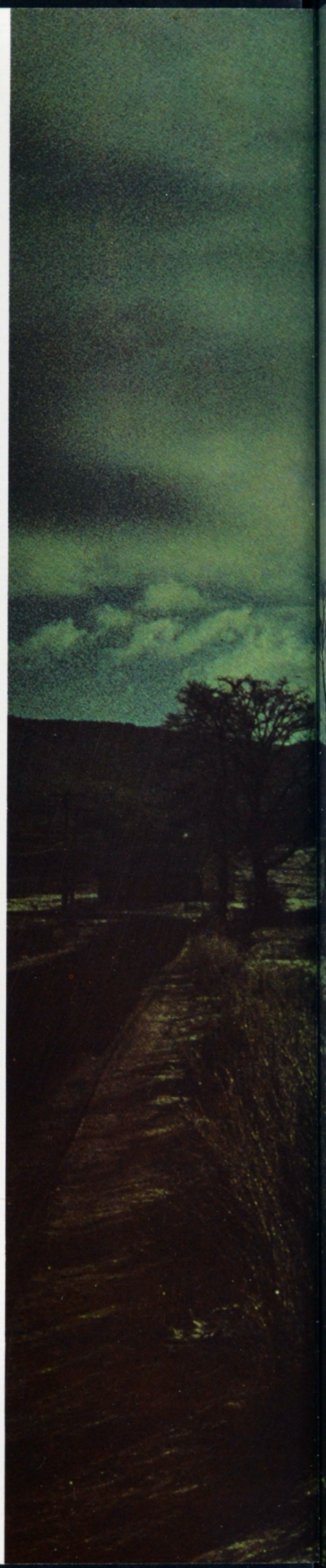




Youngsters race the skimming puck in the scene opposite above, filmed by DAVID BREDEMEIER at Charlotte's community rink. More in a quiet mood is the sundappled woods and brook at Stowe, above, photographed by ROBERT BOURDON, and the quiet village scene at South Woodbury, recorded at left by WOODY GRIMES.



A broad, windswept meadow in Bridgewater filmed by EDWARD LINCOLN, above, is touched by shafts of sunlight from the dark covering sky. Below, farm animals photographed by DONALD WIEDENMAYER enjoy a winter sun at Corinth. PETER MILLER, at right, captures a dramatic winter scene in Waterbury.





Near Bennington recently,
observant Vermonters were witness to
a Dante-like spectacle

This indigenous inferno, created by the Hodgdon Brothers of Ascutney, is representative of the many battles currently being waged against land pollution throughout the state.

Oddly, one of the major blights on our landscape is not the ubiquitous paper cup but the abandoned automobile. Many wrecks are left where they have fallen, along country roads and on city streets. Other cars, equally delapidated, are rolled off bridges or pushed off cliffs. Whatever the manner of their demise the result is the same: further disfigurement of the countryside.

Responding to this problem the state Legislature voted \$65,000 to the highway department's roadside development division. With this state aid in sight the

Hodgdon Brothers bought a car crusher. Recently a second party has bought another to speed the work.

The state pays up to \$2 a ton for all cars collected in one spot. When there are 100 or more assembled the crushers are interested and contracts are drawn up.

First the owner salvages whatever is useful: radiators, batteries and sometimes wheels, starters and generators. Then the motors and gas tanks are removed, after which the upholstery is set afire. The charred hunks are picked up now by the fork lift and placed in the waiting maws of the crusher. The end result is a compact metal sandwich, conveniently packaged for transport to the shredder and smelter. Simple? Well, at least the Hodgdon Brothers think so.

The photographers, Sonia Bullaty and Angelo Lomeo, were attracted by the surreal qualities of this unusual operation. Believing that beauty, however eerie, is where one finds it, they prepared this visual essay.

JAMES D. SAGE



On the edge of a circle of great stones
Rimming a cliff, we came above the place
Wherein are packed worse sins and deeper groans

Canto XI



Thus moved along the throat of that ravine
Each flame, for what it stole it doth not show,
And within each a sinner is, unseen.

Canto XXVI



Behold the fell beast with the sharp tail curled
That mountains, walls and armour pierces through!
Behold him who corrupteth the whole world

Canto XVII



For scatterings of flames among them played
Whereby they were so heated through and through
That no craft needeth iron hotter made.

Canto IX





Supine lay some upon the ground; and some
Were sitting in a huddle all compressed.

Canto XVII

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literary representatives of the
Estate of Laurence Binyon,
translator.*



I turned like one who cannot choose but dare
Turn round to look on that which he must flee,
And who is overcome with sudden scare.

Canto XXVI

VL REPORTS



On Books

SAMUEL R. OGDEN

DURING the past twelve months the postman has deposited in my roadside mail-box as varied a collection of books for review as could be imagined. Except for works of pure science or mathematics, one can find almost everything here. I will start off with two works of fiction for juveniles: *Wilderness Winter* by Mary Wolfe Thompson (McKay, New York, 89 pages, \$3.50), and *The Newcomer* by Alan D. Sophrin (John Day Co., New York, 223 pages, \$4.50). In *Wilderness Winter* Mrs. Thompson tells of the adventures of the Aiken family (whose arrival in the wilderness on Glebe Mountain in the town of Windham, Vermont, she described in a previous book) during their first winter in the wilds. She tells of the chores, of childbirth, of discovering neighbors and building a water mill all in a convincing and entertaining way. It is a book for early teen-agers I should say, but anyone can read it with pleasure.

The Newcomer is a polemical work which spotlights the cruelty of adult callousness, describing how, in this case, a young girl and an outsider at that, stuck her nose in where it had no business to go, and single-handedly brought sweetness and light into a benighted Vermont community. I think the business is well done, but it is in the nature of a game wherein stock figures are set up as are chessmen, and then in a series of clever moves, the author checkmates the forces of evil.

Another work for younger readers, not fiction, is Ronald Rood's *How Do You Spank a Porcupine?* (Trident Press, New York, 160 pages, \$4.95). This is the story of the adventures of "Porky" a tame porcupine, who, lovable and ingratiating as he is, occasionally produces chaos, thereby meriting a spanking. In this delightful book one can learn all there is to know about porcupines, even including how they mate. But for all that, Porky is a first rate book salesman. If you don't believe me, read the book.

Turning from the entertainment of the young to the edification of their elders, I have three books on sports. The first book that I know of written about cross-country skiing, was John Caldwell's *Cross-Country Ski Book* which was published by the Stephen Greene Press of Brattleboro in 1966 I believe, and this is now out in a revised edition at \$2.95. I have re-read it with great pleasure, and it seems to me that it dove-tails perfectly with *Ski Touring, an Introductory Guide* by William E. Osgood and Leslie J. Hurley, published by Charles E. Tuttle Company of Rutland, 148 pages, \$5. Caldwell's book places the emphasis on cross-country racing rather than on touring, although of necessity there is much in common between the two. But surprisingly enough the two books do not overlap, and it is my advice to those who are interested in the, to me,

most sensible and pleasurable aspect of skiing (maybe it's my age!) to read them both. Johnny Caldwell is an Olympic skier and a coach, so he speaks to competitors and coaches, but he does so with literary style and factual authority. The other two lads, Bill Osgood who is Librarian at Goddard College and Leslie Hurley who is a ski coach at Norwich University, present a more comprehensive treatment of the theme, including the fascinating "wind chill table." Here you will be competently advised on clothing, techniques, equipment, safety and camping.

The fishing book, *Mulberry Trout* by Ogden Bigelow and illustrated by Lee Bart, is published by Tuttle at \$5. This is good fun, but I find it not well written; that it should be, is perhaps too much to expect from a successful banker who was bitten by the dry fly bug at an early age. Mr. Bigelow covers all of the trout fishing grounds of the east except those of Vermont, and in missing the Battenkill I suspect he missed the best of all.

Adult entertainment of a totally different variety is beautifully set forth in two books which have to do with flower gardening. *Gardening on Main Street* by Buckner Hollingsworth, who gardens in full view of the public on Main Street in Windsor, Vermont, and has become accustomed to the loss of privacy entailed; this she deplores, but she smokes her corn-cob pipe only in the seclusion of her living room. This book which is beautifully illustrated with drawings by Eva Cellini, is published by the Rutgers University Press of New Brunswick, New Jersey at \$7.50. In her book, Mrs. Hollingsworth has written an amusing story of her struggles with mud, shade and lack of space, and she is a gifted writer, as well as a scholar.

Senator George D. Aiken's classic *Pioneering With Wildflowers* has been reissued in a new and handsome format by Prentice-Hall Inc. of Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey at \$8.95, and the text is identical with that of the original edition which was published in Putney, Vermont in 1933. The illustrations, photographs, many in color by Charles C. Johnson, are magnificent. It is a fine thing to have this pioneering work once more available to the public.

There is one more how-to-do-it book, which gives the peep on how to become a sculptor in wood. *Wood Design* by Donald Willcox, a versatile young man from Peacham who was associated with the *Rural Vermonter* magazine. This well illustrated book is issued by Watson-Guptil Publications, New York, at \$8.95. I do not feel qualified to comment except to point out that the author has confused balsa wood with balsam fir. There are examples of modern wood sculpture displayed in excellent photographs, along with ancient pieces, several of which are from the collections at the Shelburne Museum. To me, the latter have a beauty which the former lack. In the list of Vermont museums where wood carvings are exhibited I suggest the inclusion of the Bennington Museum.

I also have here a slight volume of poems by Donald Willcox, called *Hard-Edge Soft-Center*, published by the Salt Creek Press, Lincoln, Nebraska, price not given. Many of the poems are accompanied by line drawings by Marcia Coppel. Some of these verses are explicit and some are enigmatic; some are enhanced by the drawings and some are not. I am interested in poetry, in the making of it, and in the reading of it, and I would be happy to invite the world to read this book, for it is surely well worth reading.

Now I have three beautiful and fascinating books; one of a painter and inventor who lived over a century ago, and who did frescoes on the walls of elegant houses up and down the Connecticut River; one of a painter and a ballplayer, now in his eighties who still paints the Vermont scene, and one, a book of

photographs and writings about Vermont, put together by three editors of VERMONT LIFE.

Rufus Porter, Yankee Pioneer by Jean Lipman, Clarkson N. Potter, Inc., New York, \$12.50, is a fascinating work covering the life of a remarkable man. Porter put down no roots, and some of his inventions were pretty Rube-Goldbergish, but he painted beautifully on the walls of several Vermont houses. This present work credits him with but one in Vermont, the Elwin Chase house in Topsham, but there are others, as I believe the researches of Professor Robert McGrath of Dartmouth have shown.

A. T. Hibbard, N.A.: Artist in Two Worlds by John L. Cooley contains eighteen color plates of oil paintings of which ten are scenes of Vermont and there are many others in black and white. Al Hibbard, with one base on Cape Ann, at Rockport, and the other in Vermont at Jamaica, is a remarkable man, for within his skin are included the sensitive artist and the kindly and public-spirited citizen whose secondary love is for baseball. The story of his varied yet singularly unified career is entertainingly presented in a well written biography by John Cooley, a neighbor in Rockport, and author of *Rockport Sketch Book*. I can not over-do my praises for this book which may be had from Aldro T. Hibbard at Jamaica, Vermont for \$15.

Vermont: A Special World is a special book indeed. Here are reproductions in splendid color of the best of recent VERMONT LIFE plates, arranged in sections according to the seasons of the year, each with articles selected by the three editors covering all the years of Vermont's history. I can only say here that this 11 x 11 volume of 168 pages of which 103 are in magnificent color, is a book which must be on the shelves (or on the coffee table) of everyone who has a special place in his heart for that special world which is Vermont. It is \$15.

Other Vermont items: A pamphlet called *Panton Corners* by Russell L. Kent which may be had from the author at Shipensburg, Pennsylvania 17257 for one buck, digs up humorous recollections which are told in inimitable style by Mr. Kent.

The "Voice of the Mountains," Vrest Orton of Weston, has written and designed a handsome pamphlet on fireplace construction as practiced by the ancients and documented by the famous "Count Rumford," a Massachusetts farmer's son. *The Forgotten Art of Building a Good Fireplace* is published by Yankee, Dublin, N.H., and is priced at \$2.

An unusual and fascinating item of Vermontiana is *The Postal History of Vermont*. Ostensibly for the philatelist, this book is of deep interest to all students of local Vermont history. Published by the Collectors Club of New York it may be had from them at 22 East 35th Street, New York 10016 for \$10. The *Scott Philatelic Magazine* says, "The adequacy with which the information is presented . . . gives the volume the status of a classic." The book took three authors, George C. Slawson, Arthur W. Bingham, and Sprague W. Drenan and thirty years to get born, and believe me the product merits the effort. It is readable, delightful, and crammed with local history.

Sudden and Awful is an extension of the lugubrious work started by Thomas C. Mann and Janet Greene in *Over Their Dead Bodies* which was reviewed here several years ago. The present volume is focused on death by misadventure and the epitaphs which record these dreadful events are both tearful and amusing. One offers the homily "Death is a debt to nature due," a matter which we seem all too prone to forget. This nifty little book is published by Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, at \$4.95.

I am almost at the end here, and I find myself with three important books still to tell about. These three, *Affectionately T.*

S. Eliot by William Turner Levy and Victor Scherle (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, 148 pages, \$4.95), *A Matter of Choice* by Henry A. Schroeder, (The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, 194 pages, \$6.95) and *The Hungering Dark* by Frederick Buechner (The Seabury Press, New York, 125 pages, \$3.95), I have saved for the last because they interested me most deeply.

I hope I do not lose my book-reviewer's union card because *The Hungering Dark* I bought with my own money. The book is divided in two parts; "The Search" and "The Sought" and in the first part there are six sermons, and in the second there are seven. Frederick Buechner who lives in Rupert and who formerly was chaplain-in-residence at Phillips Exeter Academy, is first and foremost a poet. In addition to the faculty of clear and poetic expression he possesses a deeply sensitive and understanding nature and his approach to problems of the human spirit is both disarmingly fresh and original. What is important is that he has succeeded in evading that scabrous crust which seems to form on the spirit of all of us as we leave childhood behind.

The Eliot book is something of an enigma. To my mind anything which adds to the understanding of the greatest poet of our times is notable, and it puzzles me that this effort fails in bringing off the illumination which the author, Mr. Levy, had the opportunity to offer us. I say "author" for it is not apparent that Mr. Scherle, who also lives in Sunderland, contributed to the book.

In brief, Mr. Levy proposed by letter, a friendship with the poet, which gradually Eliot accepted, and a close relationship developed. Thus we are able to read of aspects and events of Eliot's life which have not been recorded elsewhere, but the puzzle remains: How is it that the account of a relationship which lasted eighteen years fails to inject any vitality into the personalities of either the poet or his biographer?

Finally, of Dr. Schroeder now a Brattleboro resident; I could comment on his book to my full satisfaction only in composing another work equal in length to this one which purports to reconcile matters of the spirit with the aims and devices of science and technology, and at the same time genially pokes away the fustian which covers so many of our institutions. In all his poking concerning heredity, hippies, self-discipline, the use of drugs, the honest "I-don't-know," and modern art, I agree, but, alas, his optimistic efforts to reconcile technology with evolution, and evolution with man's spiritual state, can only be expected to plunge him even deeper into complacency and self justification. This is a subject of grand proportions and one which can not be covered here; but this is a good book and I advise you to read it.

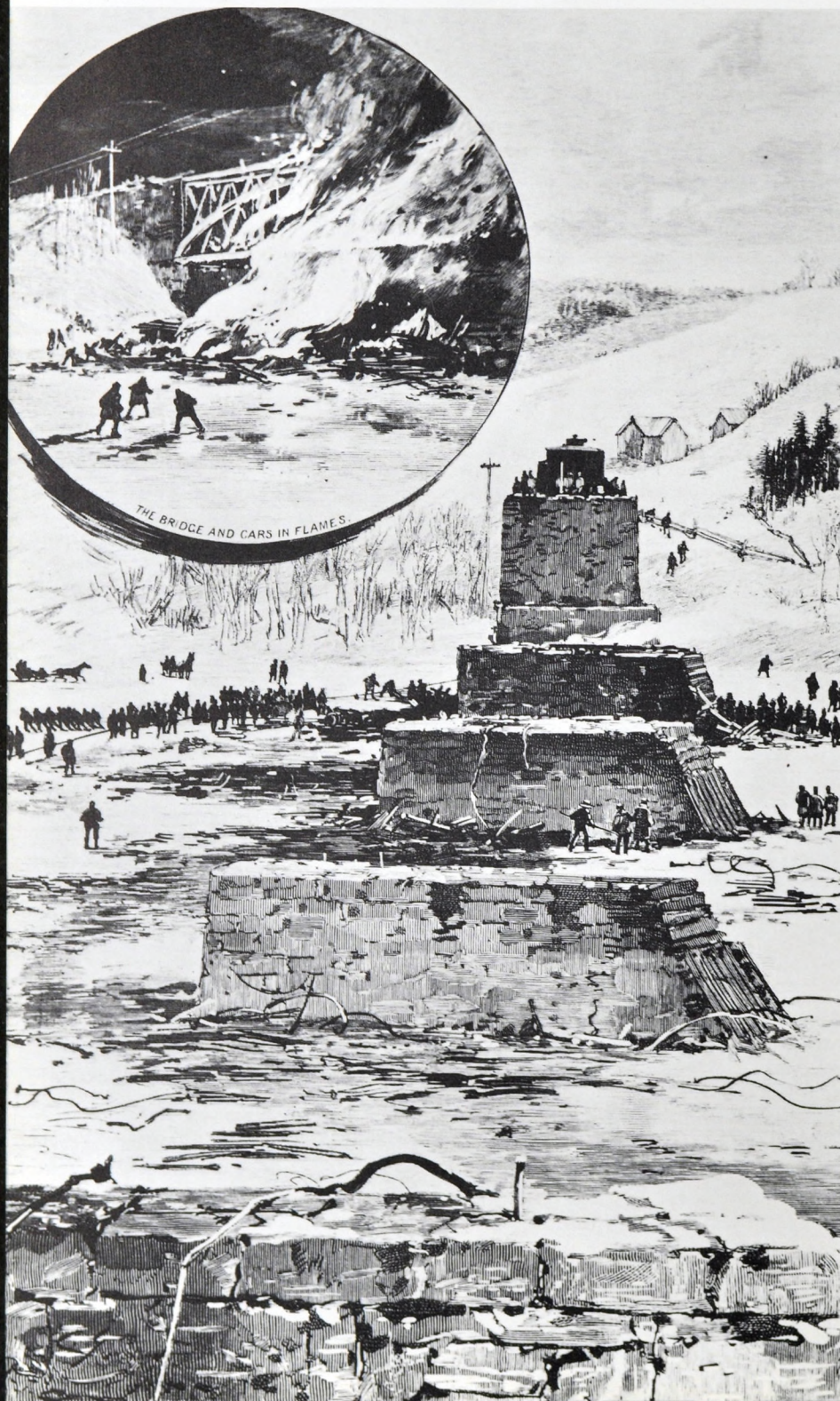
In reprinting the *History of the State of Vermont*, by Ira Allen, the Charles E. Tuttle Co. (Rutland, \$5) has performed a public service, because the author was more involved than any other one person in the turbulent, complicated and confusing beginnings of the State of Vermont. Allen's style is somewhat involuted and sometimes his facts went astray. Never-the-less, this is an important work and we are grateful that it is now available to the general public.

Received too late for review here are Marguerite Hurrey Wolf's *Vermont is Always With You*, from which a chapter was published in the Autumn issue of this magazine. The Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, 144 pages, \$4.95; *Modern Leather Design* by Donald Willcox, Watson Guptil, New York, \$12.50; and Margaret Hard's *Footloose in Vermont*, published last fall by Vermont Books, Middlebury, \$2 paper and \$3.95 hardbound.



Disaster at the White River train bridge,

a chapter from the book, *Train Wreck!*,
just published by The Stephen Greene Press,
written by the eminent rail historian,
WESLEY S. GRISWOLD



BY FAR the worst train wreck that ever occurred in Vermont — one with a widespread impact on public opinion, that helped importantly to advance the cause of railway safety throughout the nation — happened to the Central Vermont's *Montreal Express* under a full moon during the early hours of February 5, 1887, a night of numbing cold.

The accident at the White River bridge near West Hartford that night would have been a serious one even if there had been no fire, but the blaze that immediately followed the wreck converted it into a memorable disaster, for thirty-four persons died and forty-nine others were hurt, out of a total passenger list of around ninety.

The White River bridge disaster commanded international attention. There were passengers from New York City, Boston and Montreal aboard the stricken train, and the press associations of those cities spread the news throughout both countries. What distressed the country and its lawmakers most was not so much the death toll itself, though that was appalling, but the way in which most of those passengers died.

The combination of wooden cars, coal stoves, and kerosene lamps had long made a fiery hell of almost every railroad wreck in winter. But for seven years prior to the White River bridge accident, there had been no wreck comparable to it anywhere in the United States. Suddenly the public was seized with a deep feeling of outrage that, while safe methods of heating and lighting railroad cars — steam and electricity — existed and were already being adopted by some lines, most train travelers were still at the mercy of archaic and dangerous conditions of transportation. In the advanced year of 1887, more than a half century after the first U.S. train ran, this was considered to be intolerable. Many a legislator in state capitols

and in Washington rose to view with alarm what happened in Vermont.

A Bitter Night

Early in the evening of February 4, Clarence Hutchinson, a trackwalker for the Central Vermont Railroad, had set out from White River Junction well padded against the bitter cold and had tramped northwestward over the ties for more than four miles before turning back. The snowy countryside was bright with moonlight. The wind blew sharply out of the north, ruffling the dark spruces, dusting the white slopes. The temperature was close to twenty degrees below zero.

Hutchinson's solitary tramp was part of his daily stint in helping to carry out the railroad's policy of having its entire track inspected every twenty-four hours. Many other trackwalkers elsewhere shared the lonely vigil.

Hutchinson, holding his lantern low so that he could see the rails well, had walked out along one side of the single track and back down the other. As he was trained to do, he had paid particular attention to the condition of the rails on curves, especially along the slightly winding eastern approach to the 640-foot, stone-piered, four-span wooden deck bridge across the White River, four miles from the Junction. Hutchinson made his way across the ice-slick bridge and three-quarters of a mile beyond it before returning. He found nothing wrong with the track at any point, and by eleven o'clock was home in bed, decidedly grateful to be there. He was asleep long before the northbound *Montreal Express*, running an hour and a half late that night, clattered past his house on its way to the White River bridge. A neighbor of Hutchinson's, sitting up with a sick child, said later that he had never heard the express go by so fast before. His testimony seems to have been largely imaginative. It was disputed

The drawing, opposite, of the blazing wreck of the Montreal Express and the ruin of the White River bridge that its burning cars set afire and destroyed after they fell from it in the early morning of February 5, 1887, appeared in Harper's Weekly two weeks later. The main view was based on a photograph below, taken from the west bank of the river. An unknown photographer took the rare picture, which served to guide the Harper's artist, a few hours after the wreck of the Express.



by an overwhelming number of witnesses, including the train crew, who agreed that the train was traveling at its usual 25-to-30-mph pace before it got to the bridge.

The *Montreal Express*, consisting of one section from Boston and another from New York, the latter coming up through Springfield over the track of the Connecticut River Railroad, made up nightly in White River Junction and was usually ready to depart by the scheduled time, 12:40 a.m.

On Friday evening, February 4th, the Springfield section — a coach and the Pullman sleeping car *St. Albans* — had been greatly delayed. As a result, it was not until 2:10 on Saturday morning that the express, with the Springfield section inserted between the Boston coach and the Boston sleeper, *Pilgrim*, moved out for Montreal. The train was hauled by the forty-five-ton American-type locomotive *E. H. Baker*, with Charles H. Pierce, an engineer of nineteen years' experience, at the controls. Behind the tender strung a baggage car, a combined mail car and smoker, and the four passenger cars, whose coal stoves the trainmen had freshly stoked to ward off the penetrating chill. There were nearly ninety persons aboard, including the train crew of twelve. Many of the passengers were bound for Montreal's annual winter carnival. Some of them, especially in the second coach, were already anticipating the mood of that event.

The Fatal Run Starts

Because the train was so late, three persons boarded it at White River Junction who had had no previous intention of doing so. Two of them were popular Dartmouth sophomores and roommates, Edward Dillon, a pitcher for the college baseball team, and Albin Veazey, a Rutland judge's son. The boys had been attending a dance at the Junction. When they came out of the hall, well after midnight, and saw the *Montreal Express* still standing in the station, they decided on impulse not to return to Hanover but instead to take the train to Burlington for an impromptu weekend with friends who lived there.

The third passenger who hadn't intended to be aboard the express that night was Henry W. Tewksbury, a middle-aged lecturer of statewide reputation, who had spent earlier hours of the evening describing the Battle of Gettysburg to an audience in Windsor, a few miles south of the Junction. Among his

most attentive listeners had been Smith Sturtevant, a 41-year-old Civil War veteran and long-time employee of the Central Vermont Railroad. Tonight, Sturtevant was scheduled to be conductor of the *Montreal Express* from the Junction north. After the lecture, he and Tewksbury, old friends, rode the tardy Springfield section together from Windsor to the Junction. There they parted, for the weary lecturer had decided to spend the night at the Junction House, where he had often stayed before. This time, unfortunately, Tewksbury was turned away. The hotel was full, and he was obliged to trudge back to the train, expecting to complete his homeward journey on it. He lived in West Randolph, about thirty miles north of White River Junction.

Tewksbury found an empty seat at the front end of the first coach. This fortuitous choice probably saved his life. When he saw Conductor Sturtevant moving down the car aisle toward him to begin collecting tickets, Tewksbury pulled out his watch and noted the time. It was 2:18 a.m. The train had begun to slow down as it swung around the curve onto the White River bridge. It was about to cross the river.

When the conductor saw who was sitting in the front seat of the first coach, he began to laugh. As Tewksbury handed up his ticket to be punched, Sturtevant kidded him about not being sound asleep in the Junction House by now.

At the same time, in the Springfield sleeper, Dillon and Veazey were preparing for bed. Student-like, they had decided to conserve their funds for the weekend by sharing a lower berth. They were in it now, in the awkwardly constricted process of undressing.

"Suddenly," Tewksbury recalled afterward, "we felt a swaying of the car back and forth, and a jolting, and I knew the wheels were running on the sleepers [ties]. I jumped to pull the bell cord, and at the same time Mr. Sturtevant did the same. He gave it three long pulls and held it down the last time."

George Parker, one of the brakemen, had been tending to the fire in the stove at the rear of the first coach when the violent jouncing started. He remembered hearing someone — he thought it was Sturtevant — shout, "For God's sake, what's the matter?"

The Brakeman Jumps

Parker grabbed his lantern and sprang out onto the rear platform. Looking back, he could see sparks flying from the

under parts of the following cars, "as if they were off the track and being struck by the wheels." A frantic glance in the other direction showed him the ice-covered river immediately ahead. His part of the train was about to enter upon the bridge, which had no guard rails.

Parker promptly leapt from the train, still clutching his lantern.

"We were going only about seven miles an hour," he said, though he was low in his estimate, "and I thought that I should land all right on my feet." He did, though he was briefly stunned and his lantern blown out as he fell in deep snow to the left of the bridge and slid down the bank all the way to the river.

In the cab of the locomotive, now halfway across the bridge, Engineer Pierce heard the alarm bell ring but once. That was enough. "It sounded between stations, so I knew it meant danger," he said afterward. He applied the airbrakes instinctively, looking backward out the open window beside him as he did so. The sight was blood-chilling, for he saw his train tumble upside down and crash on the river's ice, two feet thick.

"I saw the hind end of the Boston sleeper swinging off the bridge to the right," he said. "As that went off, it pulled the Springfield sleeper, then the Springfield coach, and then the Boston coach." The last, directly behind the mail car, was wrenched off its front trucks. The coupling snapped between it and the mail car, enabling the forward end of the train to escape the chain disaster. As the locomotive screeched to a stop, only the rear half of the mail car still rested on the bridge.

The derailed cars collapsed on impact, their heavy wheel trucks and frames adding their crushing weight to the splintered wreckage of the wooden sides and roofs.

As the Springfield sleeper lurched off the rails onto the ties, Edward Dillon jumped out of the berth he was occupying with his friend Veazey. The latter stayed behind, clinging desperately to the swaying sides.

"I remember being thrown first to one side and then the other," Veazey said the next day, "and to have a feeling that we were falling. Then the car, bottom up, struck the ice with a tremendous crash."

Veazey, pinned down by debris, found himself lying full length on the ceiling of the bottom berth.

"Ed," he yelled, "are you hurt?"

Dillon answered in a weak voice,

from a location that Veazey could not determine, that he was badly hurt. That was the last time Veazey ever heard him speak.

Veazey struggled to free himself. He felt something give way beneath his legs, and discovered that he could wriggle out backward into the sub-zero night. He was clad only in his underwear, but the smashed stoves in all four cars had already set the wreckage afire, and the heat of the rapidly spreading flames, together with his distracted excitement, kept him from being aware of the encircling cold. Searching through the wreckage in a frenzy, Veazey found a train ax, and began hacking at the remains of the car, calling repeatedly to Dillon. He no longer could distinguish his friend's voice among the moans and cries of the injured and trapped. Fierce heat and thick smoke soon drove him back.

When Engineer Pierce had brought the forward end of the train to a stop, he and his fireman, together with the baggagemaster, the expressman, and two mail agents, grabbed shovels and axes, slid down the steep, slippery west bank of the river, and ran out across the ice to rescue as many passengers as they could. Veazey, having been forced to give up his lone battle to save Dillon, joined them.

The impact of the falling train had not broken the thick ice over the river. Therefore survivors and families of the victims did not, as a commentator expressed it a few days later, "even have the relief of believing that many were drowned before the flames reached them."

Stunned Survivors

One of the first persons extricated from the wreck was Henry Tewksbury, who afterward described his singularly harrowing experience.

"I was stunned for a moment by the terrible crash," he said, "and hardly knew whether I was dead or alive. I tried to move, but couldn't budge an inch. I struggled with all my strength to free myself, screaming for help, but there was no one at hand to help me."

Tewksbury saw fire break out at the far end of his car, and watched in agony as the flames and smoke spread toward him.

"It was a time of mental torture," he said, "but I still could not help noticing an old couple who had sat a few seats behind me. They were hopelessly tied down by heavy seats, and the flames were approaching them with frightful

rapidity. I could do nothing for them. Before the smoke shut them from sight, I saw them locked in each other's arms."

Tewksbury, giving himself up for lost, pulled his fur cap down over his eyes "to hide the dreadful view of approaching death."

At that moment, he heard voices. Snatching off his cap, he saw the engineer and fireman a few feet away. He yelled to them for help.

"I heard Engineer Pierce say to his fireman, 'Take hold! Perhaps we can save Tewksbury,'" the lecturer recalled. "They are two powerful men, and they both braced themselves by putting their feet against the car, and pulled with all their strength. Still they could not move me, and said they must leave me.

"'Don't! Don't!' I cried. 'Try, for God's sake, to save me. Try again!'

"They did so, and with the same result. They said it was no use. I begged them to try once more — to pull my leg off if they had to, but not let me burn. They pulled — and oh, with what a joyous feeling did I feel my feet gradually slipping from my shoes. I cried out that I was moving — to pull, pull, pull! I felt one of my legs break, but I was released. To do it, they had to haul me over the debris by the collar.

"They dropped me on the ice by the side of the burning car, and within two feet of it," Tewksbury continued. "I said, 'Draw me back farther — I shall burn here.' They did so, pulling me back twenty-five feet or more — right under the bridge."

This move merely increased his peril, though none of them realized it at the moment. His rescuers left him to save others. Through a shattered window of the first car, they saw Conductor Sturtevant creeping feebly along, the clothes on his back ablaze. They threw a shovelful of snow on him in an effort to put out the flames. The attempt failed, but they soon managed to haul him out another broken window and quench the fire. Sturtevant was nearly naked and severely burned. Handling him as gently as they could, two members of the train crew began carrying him toward Oscar Paine's farmhouse, at the top of the west bank of the river. He died a few hours later.

Trapped in the Flames

Tewksbury watched them go with rising alarm. By this time, long tongues of flame from the burning cars had licked the lower timbers of the bridge and set them smoldering. Blazing embers short-

ly began to shred upon the ice near the injured lecturer, suffering from a broken arm, he had discovered, as well as a broken leg. He lay there trembling with cold and shock, and in terror of having the bridge fall down on him.

Engineer Pierce, noting at this moment that the structure was afire, sent his fireman scrambling up the icy bank to move the train forward and draw the mail car out of danger. With another member of his crew, Pierce then resumed lugging Sturtevant toward the Paine farmhouse.

"I begged them to take me," Tewksbury said, "but they told me they must take Sturtevant there first, as he was suffering a good deal."

Tewksbury saw them clamber up the slope, falling several times in their effort.

Not far away from him lay Mrs. W. S. Bryden, of Montreal, wrapped in a blanket that a distracted survivor had gathered around her as he helped her out of the wreckage, her clothes torn off in her previous struggles to free herself. She was too badly injured to walk, and choked by the smoke. Her rescuer had dropped her in the snow, in the midst of a bizarre scattering of oranges and bananas that had cascaded from the buffet section of one of the sleepers as it fell. The man had put Mrs. Bryden down within a few feet of the blazing cars and, she related hysterically, had then handed her an orange, saying, "Eat this. It's good for you."

"From the car," she went on, "I could hear the most terrible cries, piercing my soul. One voice still rings in my ears. It was that of another woman, who kept crying, 'Won't someone let me out?'"

At about this time, young Veazey, having been forced to give up trying to rescue Dillon, came along and found a stray berth mattress for Mrs. Bryden. He eased her onto it and dragged her back to a safe distance from the fire, which was threatening to blister her feet.

Andrew Wheeler, of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, had been riding in the second coach when it plunged to the ice. He was knocked out by the crash, but was "aroused by the most fearful groans of the dying and begging for help from the wounded."

"By this time," Wheeler said afterward, "the fire had nearly reached me, and in trying frantically to move, I found to my horror that I was caught fast. I yelled lustily for help, and suddenly a man appeared with an axe. He crawled into the wreckage and cut me

loose. The fire had already scorched my face and hands." Wheeler found his traveling companion on the fringe of the crackling wreck. His friend had a badly injured leg, but together they hobbled across the ice to Paine's farmhouse. "By then," said Wheeler, "the cars were one sheet of flame and the bridge had also taken fire."

Tewksbury's rescue party was back within fifteen minutes after delivering Sturtevant to where he could get more solicitous attention. They were pushing a sled, and so exhausted that they sprawled on the ice, gasping for breath, before they recovered enough strength to move him. They were all back inside the Paine farmhouse when the bridge fell. They heard the crash of its collapse.

Meanwhile, George Parker, the brakeman who had jumped from the train in order to escape the wreck, had roused a farmer who lived near the eastern end of the bridge. Together they threw harnesses on a team of horses and galloped off toward the Junction to spread the alarm and bring additional help.

A trainload of relief forces, including several doctors, came roaring up from the Junction within three-quarters of an hour after the express overturned. By then, there was nothing left of the four fallen passenger cars but smoking heaps of charred wood and twisted iron. Only the stone piers of the bridge remained.

The Investigation

By nightfall that day, all New England had heard about the disaster, and thousands of persons headed toward the scene.

Before the curious crowds had had time to congregate on the banks and surface of the White River and stare at the blackened wreckage, Professor Robert Fletcher, noted director of Dartmouth's Thayer School of Civil Engineering, visited the location. It was about noon on Saturday, ten hours after the wreck. He and a few of his students inspected the track along the eastern approach to the river. They found that new rails had already been laid for about 450 to 470 feet back from the edge. This had been done as quickly as possible that morning, CVRR officials subsequently testified, to enable relief trains to move close to the river. The tracklayers had not bothered to take away the replaced rails, however. They had tossed them into the snow beside the rebuilt track. There, Thayer and his students found fragments of broken rails that showed unmistakable evidence

of extensive internal flaws. One long piece of rail bore the stamp "St. Albans, 1881." This provided the most graphic evidence of internal flawing. Railroad officers said later that that particular rail had been rolled in their St. Albans shops from unfinished steel imported from Scotland, and had been laid the same year it was rolled. It had somehow managed to stay intact in all weather for six years.

Professor Fletcher, in a requested report to *Engineering News* three days after the wreck, declared, "Indeed it is difficult to understand how such a rail could have allowed the passage of a locomotive a dozen times without fracture."

Vermont's State Railroad Commission, which began its investigation of the causes of the wreck on Saturday afternoon, about twelve hours after it happened, came to the official conclusion that the rail that broke under the weight of the train in the extreme cold of early morning on February 5th had indeed been primarily responsible for the accident. The Commissioners declared that the broken rail had thrown the passenger cars off the track before they reached the bridge, and that jolting over the ties had snapped one car axle, whose halves were discovered lying on opposite sides of the bridge. This triggered the fall of the four cars.

The Commission found also that "the defect in the rail could not have been discovered before it broke." (Professor Fletcher testified to that.) Furthermore, "there was a proper slowing up of the train [though not, by any means, to the extent that Brakeman Parker had guessed], and there was no culpable negligence on the part of the railroad company."

"There is no doubt, however," the Commissioners said, "that many who lost their lives in the accident would have been saved if it had not been for the stoves and lights in the wrecked cars."

"The Board express the opinion," its members concluded, "that heating cars by steam and lighting by electricity cannot be long deferred, although their use in their present form would not be untended with danger in certain classes of accident. . . . The Commission recommend all roads in Vermont to adopt steam heating from the engine before next winter, unless in the meantime some better method is perfected."

The uproar raised in the nation's newspapers, quite rightly, as a result of the White River bridge disaster pro-

duced one interview of special historic interest. A reporter for the Springfield (Mass.) *Union* questioned former Governor John Gregory Smith of Vermont, who at this time was president of the Vermont Central, on the parlous subject of heating and lighting railroad cars. Smith's reply, partially quoted here, provides a particularly informative survey of the evolutionary developments that had already taken place in train lighting. It also reveals what was undoubtedly a representative attitude of railroad management toward the then relatively new experiments in lighting cars by electricity and heating them by steam.

"As to lighting," Smith declared, "we began with sperm oil. Then we adopted the sperm candle. The next to appear was the gas man. We tried his system. Our cars were piped at great expense, but after a thorough trial that proved a failure. By this time, the candle man had come with his enormous sperm candle, at least two inches in diameter. The public soon found out that they were not getting enough [light], and we next tried kerosene oil of 112-degree test. This frightened everybody, and we gave it up for what is known as mineral sperm oil, of 300-degree test, which means that the lamps will not explode until there is a heat of 300 degrees [easily attainable with red-hot coals from a wrecked stove]. For my part, I consider that there is as much danger from our lights as from our stoves, and should be glad to substitute anything which would satisfy the public and make them safe. I notice that the newspapers say the coal stove must go. Will they please tell us what to put in its place? Heating by steam from the locomotive has not been sufficiently tested to warrant the change being made at once, but whatever can be shown to be the best and safest method will be adopted. I have always instructed the heads of departments to use the best material to satisfy the demands of the public."

There was already ample evidence that electric lighting was more than a passing curiosity; that steam heating of trains from the locomotive was practical as well as safe. The Pennsylvania Railroad had first lighted a passenger car by electricity in 1882, five years before the Central Vermont's calamity at the White River bridge. By 1887, several railroads were using electricity to light entire trains. The Boston & Albany Railroad had begun heating cars by steam a number of years earlier, and by this time were regularly operating a steam-heated train between Boston and Springfield.



The elevated railroads of New York City were all heated by steam from their locomotives.

As a direct result of the Central Vermont tragedy, the Pullman Company announced that in a short time it would provide safer heating for its cars — or, as the *New York Times* flatly phrased it, “travelers who use the Pullman sleepers shall no longer be in danger of cremation.”

One of New York’s railroad commissioners was emphatic and precise in stating what he thought was needed to prevent future disasters like the one at the White River bridge.

“Any system,” he said, “which requires or permits live coals of fire in any shape to be attached to passenger cars is not safe. The use of kerosene or any other inflammable oil upon passenger cars should be absolutely prohibited.”

Remedial changes evolved too slowly, but within five years after Vermont’s worst wreck the first national legislation establishing safety requirements for railroad equipment came into being — the Railway Appliance Act of 1893. In a very short time thereafter, the annual toll of railroad accidents dropped off strikingly. The mute victims of the wreck and fire at the White River bridge had become eloquent advocates in the cause of far greater protection for an entire nation of railway travelers. ∞

A more distant view of the wreck scene, above, shows huge crowd of curious bystanders strung across the ice-covered river. At right is dense gathering of sleighs, the Oscar Paine farmhouse where many injured were treated, and solitary mail car atop embankment. Below is view of bridge today, filmed by Hanson Carroll.



LIVING HERITAGE



CHARLES T. MORRISSEY
DIRECTOR, VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Start of V.A.S.

THE Vermont Archaeological Society was founded a little more than a year ago when a group of amateur professional archaeologists met in Warren for two days of talk and planning. Actually the idea about forming such a group really began when Professor William Haviland arrived at the University of Vermont in the fall of 1965.

Haviland was trained as an anthropologist, but he had a special interest in archaeology in the northeastern states. His Master's thesis in 1958 was a synthesis of what had been learned from archaeological "digs" in Maine. In addition he had experience in archaeological research elsewhere — mainly on several field trips to Central America. His doctoral dissertation was about ancient ruins in Guatemala.

Haviland was surprised to learn that Vermont did not have an archaeological society. Every state along the eastern seaboard from Maine to Florida already was represented by such a state organization. Archaeology in Vermont was being done on a sporadic basis by professionals from New Hampshire and New York, or by a few Vermonters who were operating without communication with each other. Some of these projects he noted, involved unsupervised and random pothunting with the result that well-meaning amateurs who found Indian objects were inadvertently decreasing our opportunities to know more about Indian life in Vermont by not documenting their "finds" carefully in records that would be permanently preserved.

In the time-honored custom of men who want to correct an imperfect situation Haviland organized his thoughts about archaeology in Vermont and put them on paper. "The result of this situation," he wrote in his memorandum, "is that there is considerable knowledge of the Precolumbian culture history of New York State on the one hand, and most of New England on the other. Vermont is virtually a blank."

This memorandum proposed that an inventory be made of Vermont's archaeological sites, and that the precise contents be ascertained of Indian artifacts in private collections. Likewise, he urged greater concern for safeguarding private collections of artifacts because "Vermont may lose these private collections, many of which are important."

Furthermore he recommended that the 1960 guide to published information about Vermont Indians by the late John Huden be updated, and that central files for archaeology be created at UVM. His superiors were impressed by his persuasiveness: a grant of \$2500 from University research funds was authorized to get these programs underway.

The final suggestion in that memorandum proposed that a Vermont archaeological society be formed. One of Haviland's UVM students, Ralph Roberts, was especially enthusiastic about that proposal when Haviland mentioned it in his classes. Roberts volunteered to organize such a group. Early in 1968 he met with several people interested in Vermont archaeology. In April, 1968, he put together a Steering Committee and drew up preliminary by-laws for the Vermont Archaeological Society. In June he was signing up charter members. Throughout the summer he was making plans for speakers and others who would attend the first meeting of the V.A.S. in Warren. Roberts has since left Vermont to do graduate study in anthropology at Brown University, but his dedication was a primary reason why the V.A.S. came into existence.

In its first few months the V.A.S. grew faster than any other state archaeological society in the eastern states that recently had gone through a comparable stage of initial formation. V.A.S. members pay annual dues of \$3.00 each and several families have enrolled under a \$5.00 family membership plan. Most of these members have no pretensions about being more than amateurs who want to learn how archaeologists dig. Many are youngsters of high school and junior high school age. All members regularly receive a V.A.S. newsletter. Officers of the group include Joseph Popecki, Librarian of St. Michael's College in Winooski Park who serves as President, and H. N. Muller of the UVM History Department who serves as Secretary. Information about the Society can be obtained by writing to Muller.

Last spring Haviland directed a "dig" at Pine Island, a bluff in the lowlands where the Winooski River enters Lake Champlain. It was a logical place for Indians to camp — high and dry land, easily defended from enemies, and located on two major water-ways. Moreover it contained mounds that may have been used by Indians for ceremonial purposes. The diggers found stones that were probably used as crude cutting and sharpening tools — evidence that Indians indeed had lived on Pine Island.

The Pine Island "dig" also demonstrated that amateurs need guidance in the painstaking task of gently removing layers of soil with trowels and identifying and recording what they find. "It's not just artifacts we're interested in," Haviland emphasizes. "We're trying to reconstruct a whole way of life."

Records should be so detailed, he believes, that after a "dig" is completed, the site could be restored to its earlier appearance before the archaeologists arrived by depending solely on their records.

Volunteers are not discouraged from joining a crew at "digs," Haviland explains; he feels sincerely that "volunteers are the backbone of any archaeological society." But he urges that they be patient and willing to learn the necessary skills and not dig indiscriminately.

The officers of the V.A.S. feel they have only begun to uncover great interest in Vermont archaeology — as well as uncover areas of major importance in reconstructing the lives of Vermont's earliest settlers and visitors. Books about archaeology are increasing in circulation, and Vermont schoolteachers have praised a box of Indian artifacts that was prepared last spring by the Vermont Historical Society for use in classrooms. A discussion of Vermont archaeology at the Historical Society's library last winter attracted the largest crowd in three years to attend one of these winter seminars. Indian artifacts have been found in almost every town in Vermont, so members of the V.A.S. figured they have much to do — and plan to have lots of fun doing it.



The author at Pine Island diggings. FREE PRESS PHOTO, STU PERRY

Men hunted in Vermont in 7000 B.C.! *That's the evidence found so far, but most of the state's dim past remains to be uncovered.*

By WILLIAM A. HAVILAND

MANY PEOPLE assume that the history of Vermont really began in the 1760s when settlers came to clear farms from the wilderness. Actually the record of human habitation in Vermont stretches back several millennia before the first European arrived on North American soil.

It is true that there were few Indians in this area on the eve of European settlement, and this explains why most accounts of Vermont's history often suggest that previously the region had not attracted human habitation. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, for example, particularly emphasized in her fine book, *Vermont Tradition*, that Vermont had never been a site of permanent habitation by Indians.

But the tools of prehistoric man have been found throughout Vermont, and

the bits of information which are available, coupled with knowledge of the prehistory of other parts of the Northeast, allow us to reconstruct the prehistory of Vermont in broad outline.

How did the idea develop that Vermont had probably been an empty area long before the arrival of settlers from Europe? The answer seems to be that, despite abundant prehistoric remains, it was indeed virtually empty by the mid-18th century. There may be two reasons for this. First, early documents indicate that the Iroquois and Algonquian tribes considered one another mortal enemies. Vermont was meeting ground between them, and was probably the scene of many battles. The problem was accentuated by the French and Indian wars, which were not concluded until 1760. Many of the Algonquians aligned with

the French, the Iroquois with the English, and Vermont would have been a good place to avoid. Second, when the first Europeans came to North America, they carried a number of disease agents against which the Indians had no immunity. These proceeded to decimate aboriginal populations, and to spread far faster than could the Europeans themselves. So disease and strife took their toll. The hostilities kept Europeans out of Vermont until peace was concluded, by which time there were few Indians left.

An archaeologist who studies the tools and refuse left by prehistoric man to reconstruct our common past, should realize that the northeastern part of our country, before the Europeans came, was a culturally marginal area. This means that cultural developments lagged behind those in areas to the South and West. There were three basic reasons for this. First, the region was buried beneath the last great glacier of the Ice Age, so that human habitation was impossible until much later. Second, the Northeast is far removed from the center of native American civilization in Mexico, from which many innovations (such as the cultivation of corn, beans, and squash) spread slowly through much of North America. Third, the rigors of

climate in the far Northeast prevented the development of a full agricultural subsistence in aboriginal times. Therefore the peoples continued, in varying degrees, a hunting and gathering way of life.

The earliest inhabitants of the Northeast are known as Paleo-Indians. They were hunters of the big game of the Ice Age, which included the mammoth and mastodon. The Paleo-Indians moved into the area from the South and West as the great glacier gradually retreated northward.

As this took place, tundra-like conditions developed between the ice on the north and the evergreen forests to the south. Our conception of arctic tundra does not visualize it as a very desirable place to live, but in fact it is today the home of large herd animals which provide Man with a good food supply and skins for clothing. This was even more true in the past. The Paleo-Indians relied heavily on these animals and probably very little on plant food for subsistence. Their most distinctive tool was the fluted point, made of chipped stone, for the end of a spear.

These big game hunters were in Vermont by about 7000 B.C. One of their camps was discovered in Highgate a number of years ago by William A. Ross and Benjamin W. Fisher of St. Albans. The camp, known as the Reagan Site, was on the shore of the old Champlain Sea. Its small size indicates occupation by a small band of nomadic peoples. No other Paleo-Indian sites have been identified in the state, but occasionally fluted points have been found.

At about the time that the Paleo-Indians were roaming the tundra of the Northeast, camping at places like the Reagan Site, there were important developments to the southwest. In the area of Missouri, the so-called Archaic cultural tradition developed at about 8000 B.C., apparently from Paleo-Indian beginnings. This tradition became well established in North America east of the Mississippi River by about 5000 B.C., and then began to spread into the Northeast.

The Archaic peoples were hunters of small game and collectors of wild plant foods. For hunting, they used spears with chipped stone points, or points of ground slate. The spears were thrown with the help of the spear thrower — a piece of wood weighted with a handsomely-shaped stone. Stone plummets for fish nets and various types of bone tools were used in some numbers. For food preparation and cooking they first



Famous Colchester jar, now in the Fleming Museum at Burlington, was found in 1825, is a very rare specimen. UNIVERSITY PHOTO SERVICE.

had wooden vessels and later soapstone bowls. From the size of their campsites, and analogy with modern hunting and gathering tribes, one assumes the Archaic peoples were organized into larger bands than the Paleo-Indians.

In the Northeast, the Archaic tradition appeared some time after 5000 B.C. There seems to have been a gap between this time and the era when the Paleo-Indians were in the region. Probably this was related to climatic changes associated with the recession of the glacier. As this took place the tundra zone shifted northward, followed by the evergreen forests. Such forests do not support large numbers of animals, nor is there much edible plant food for Man.

What seems to have happened, then, is that the big game hunting Paleo-Indians shifted their zone of habitation north with the tundra. The Archaic peoples, however, did not fill the vacuum until the evergreen forests had given way in turn to the mixed broad-leaf type

of forests, which support many small animals and contain abundant edible plants.

As time went on, considerable regional variation developed within the Archaic cultural tradition in response to both historical and geographical factors. To the south, people were in some proximity to ideas and innovations which spread from Mexico. In the north, there seem to have been marked influences from Asia, which spread to the east. The introduction of the domestic dog may have been connected with this.

Then, too, the conditions for life were not the same everywhere east of the Mississippi. The Archaic peoples had to adapt their culture to the specific resources of a region. In the Northeast, there seems to have been a particular emphasis on woodworking, to judge from their many fine polished stone axes, adzes, and gouges. Also, with time, elaborate and involved burial cults developed here.

In Vermont, typical Archaic ground and polished stone tools have been found in several areas. They seem to be especially numerous along the Otter Creek. Here the late Thomas E. Daniels of Orwell and Kathleen Rowlands of Poultney excavated an important camp site, probably occupied by a single small hunting band. On Isle La Motte, in the town gravel pit, a number of graves were discovered in which were some copper tools. The source of this native copper was to the west, in the Lake Superior region. Another burial ground was discovered in the late nineteenth century near Swanton.

Between 1300 and 1000 B.C., a new cultural tradition known as the Woodland developed out of the Archaic tradition. This took place to the Southwest of Vermont, and the center of Woodland development was in the Ohio River valley. It spread slowly into the Northeast. The subsistence of the Woodland peoples was based on the cultivation of corn, beans, squash, the Jerusalem artichoke, pumpkin, and sunflower. In addition, there was still some hunting and collection of wild plant foods. This improved subsistence permitted larger and more permanent settlements. More elaborate burial rites were developed. Pottery (perhaps introduced initially from Siberia) replaced soapstone bowls, and

the bow and arrow replaced the spear. Many ornamental objects were produced, such as beads, combs, bracelets, pipes, and birdstones.

From this Woodland tradition the cultures of the immediate prehistoric and early historic Iroquois and some Eastern Algonquian peoples developed. Iroquois culture was centered in New York state, Eastern Algonquian in New England and in Canada. Moving north among the Eastern Algonquian tribes, the Woodland tradition became progressively more diluted, and the older Archaic tradition persisted in northern Maine and the Maritime Provinces of Canada, where the rigors of climate prevented reliance on native agriculture.

What is Vermont's place in this scheme? The answer is not at all clear. On the basis of surface collections of artifacts throughout the state, it is evident that the Woodland tradition was represented. Probably it was strongest in the south. The northerners may have had much in common with the cultures of the Abnaki, Passamaquoddy, and Penobscot of Maine, all Eastern Algonquians who represent a survival of the Archaic tradition with a very thin Woodland overlay.

Such tribes were centered on large rivers, which provided for canoe transportation in the center of tribal territory

and on tributary streams, to the fringes. The territory was split up into smaller, family hunting territories, well defined in terms of drainage areas. This was also true for the more agricultural Algonquian tribes to the south, except that with more emphasis on agriculture, families gathered together into larger villages when they were not hunting. These tribes are more representative of a variety of Woodland tradition.

While the Eastern Algonquians, of Archaic or Woodland affinities, probably occupied most of Vermont, there is evidence of Iroquoisan culture in the northern Champlain valley above Middlebury. This seems to represent a branch of the Laurentian Iroquois, a distinct ethnic group which held the Saint Lawrence valley at the time of Cartier's exploration in the 1530s and 40s. However, by the time of Champlain's explorations in 1603, the Laurentian Iroquois had vanished, and Algonquians controlled the region.

This bare outline of Vermont's prehistory should make it clear how relatively little we know about Indian life in the region. Very limited archaeological work has been done here to date, and much meticulous investigation is required. The formation of the Vermont Archaeological Society hopefully will provide the needed impetus.

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This beautiful and rare fluted point of crystal found in Grand Isle, was made some 9000 years ago by Paleo-Indians. J. F. SMITH



Green Mountain



POST BOY

Round or many-sided buildings aren't uncommon in Vermont, and they run the gamut — from private homes to chicken houses. But the only round (actually 16-sided) church in Vermont is the celebrated Richmond Round Church shown on our front cover. From the beginning (it was opened in 1813) the building has served as a public hall for town meetings. According to Historian Harriet W. Riggs of Richmond the sale of pews helped to defray the building costs, which came to \$1440.31 for materials and special labor. The total cash outlay went little beyond that, because 900 odd man-days of labor were donated during the building.

Five Protestant denominations shared the cost (and use) of the church, which now is usually used for one service a year and for occasional weddings. The unusual interior arrangement includes a horseshoe-shaped balcony with box pews in the rear.

Perhaps it was the Mormon missionaries in the area who introduced the winter sport of "tubing" down the snowy hills on big truck innertubes. It's become a popular winter sport around Lyndonville, now, among the sub-teenagers. Shown by Charles Smith's camera are some of the enthusiasts who use an especially reserved section of the Lyndon Outing Club's ski hill.

In these days of outboard motors, the old fashioned rowboat has pretty much gone the way of the dodo. But Don Boardman of Swanton, who builds a variety of sailboats, decided the old craft are still needed. His shop now does a brisk business building lightweight and very seaworthy fiberglass rowboats which are replicas in form of those popular 70 years ago.

A good amount of confusion still remains regarding Vermont's recently-enacted sales tax. Out-of-staters can order from us for shipment anywhere and pay no tax. Walk-in customers or Vermonters ordering by mail *must* add the tax, **EXCEPT** that if they order the goods sent *outside* Vermont, the sale is tax-free.

"It is now stated on authority that the attempt to establish a free love colony on Valcour Island in Lake Champlain is a failure. . . . It is reported that all persons connected with the community have become disgusted. Nevertheless, there are a good many of these people in the vicinity of Winooski, and they will doubtless be heard from again."

This titillating report has been turned over to us by a sharp-eyed Vermont historian. It appeared in an issue of the *Brattleboro Record & Farmer* . . . just 95 years ago.

George C. Slawson of Craftsbury Common died suddenly last summer just before his article on "The Postoffice That Moved Every Day" appeared in our Autumn issue. His splendid *Postal History of Vermont* is reviewed in this issue.

Mr. Slawson, a delightful and brilliantly informative man, was internationally famous in the philatelic world. His personality and his talents will be greatly missed, also, in his adopted state.

Recall our last Spring issue story about the elephant that sat down on the red Volkswagen? Well, the Postboy has been victimized with a stock story, which is at least seven years old and which has been told as far away as Helsinki, Finland. Hereafter the Postboy promises to exercise more skepticism, *especially* when schoolteachers report it is Gospel.



"Tubers," linked together, on a Lyndon Outing Club hill.

CHARLES SMITH, VDD



The panther, Rink, with the Leggetts

STU PERRY

Tiny Leggett of Hinesburg Road, South Burlington is a giant of a man, but what's more apt to make heads swivel when he goes by is the feline he has on the leash.

You probably don't have to be that big to manage your own panther, because Mrs. Leggett does it too, but it probably helps.

"Rink," who is a beautiful tawny color, came to the Leggetts from a midwestern zoo when he was about two months old. He was born March 10, 1968 and when this picture was taken last summer he wasn't yet full grown. But he eats about five pounds of meat a day already, and he has a special liking for pizzas.

Among other things, Rink is the real live (if unofficial) panther mascot of the University of Vermont. Officially UVM didn't want to assume the responsibility of Rink, nor perhaps to feed him — though some of the students have helped to keep him in groceries.

But the Leggetts are just as happy to have Rink as their own. He has the run of their suburban home basement and in good weather uses a big outdoor cage. He rides in a special cage inside the Leggett's Volkswagen bus, and he also likes to walk with them on the leash. His interest in photographer Stu Perry, who took the accompanying shot, could be unsettling to those who don't know he's friendly (if a bit rough) and that he's been de-clawed.

When he gets his growth Rink probably will equal the last recorded wild Vermont panther — seven feet seven inches from nose tip to tail tip, 182 pounds in weight and a "forearm" girth of 22 inches. By then, most likely, he'll be wanting seven pounds of meat a day.

"VL Reports" editor Samuel R. Ogden also is the editor of an excellent anthology concerned with the changing rural scene. *America the Vanishing* is published by the Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro.

Our Autumn issue of 1968 told of the incredible legal trials of Whitehall, N.Y. liquor dealer John O'Neil, who was caught up in the fine web of Vermont's prohibition laws in 1882. Though we still haven't found out how much of his 54-year jail term Mr. O'Neil actually served for shipping booze to Vermonters, we have fresh biographical data on this colorful personality from Mrs. John T. Morton, town historian of Whitehall.

O'Neil ran a successful emporium in the town under the name of The Temple of Economy. A printed account, Mrs. Morton reports, termed him "one of Whitehall's most public spirited residents." Among the many stories recalled by people who knew O'Neil and his peculiarities: he kept a brass bed set up in the middle of his parlor — to discourage his daughter from entertaining company.

Even as we were preparing the Inferno-like photographs of burning junked cars for this issue, the forces for anti-pollution decreed that henceforth these cars must be stripped but not burned. The aggregate sully of the Vermont air by these means probably was minute in comparison to other pollution sources. It wouldn't do, though, for one wing of the state government (Highway) to be stoking the smoky fires while another (Health) is compelling towns to smother their fuming dumps.

"Vermont: A Special World" is a book we're rather proud of, even though some local carpenters have insisted the "world" depicted is extinct. At any rate the book has been so well received that a second printing has been ordered for delivery late this year. Meanwhile, the Mead Paper Company has given the book its Award of Excellence. We are sure the fact the book was printed on Mead paper is purely coincidental.

Earlier this year VERMONT LIFE lost one of its most able staff members. Peter W. Sykas was with the magazine for the past decade as its Business Manager. The Postboy finds it ironic, not to say infuriating, that his talents had to be lost here, only to be properly recognized and rewarded on the West Coast. The magazine was very fortunate, however, that Office Manager Douglas Bernardini was available to assume the post.

The American Precision Museum, as far as we know the only factory of the old days preserved in the state, has been set up at Windsor. Although many of the displays are as yet incomplete, a visit is very worthwhile, particularly for those interested in machines. The Museum is housed in the handsome old (1846) Robbins & Lawrence Armory building. It was here that firearms were produced and also the machine tools, that vastly improved the production of interchangeable parts and allowed mass production. The tall brick building is located in the town on Route 5 and it's open at a small admission fee from late May to mid-October. Museum memberships also are available. Address Robert Brown, 93 Ascutney St., Windsor.

On the kind of warm summer evening, last August, that she so loved, Louise Andrews Kent slipped away from us. In the more than eight years that she wrote as the famed Mrs. Appleyard for the VERMONT LIFE family, she brought to thousands new perceptions about the Vermont she knew intimately and herself helped to create. The Postboy in his lifetime has been privileged to know few people of her charm, her artistry, her intellect and presence.

*After a day of winter sport
nothing, Mrs. Appleyard used to say, is better than*

Spiced Beef Stew

by ELIZABETH KENT GAY

Photographed by HANSON CARROLL

WHEN THE FIRST small white onions and radishes and carrots come, either in your own garden or in the market, and you have peas, it is a good time. Mrs. Appleyard used to say, to make beef stew.

Cold winter nights are especially appropriate to serve this traditional Yankee ragout, all the same, she conceded, with fine native beef perhaps coming from one's freezer as do the peas of last July's garden.

Almost any time during the year somebody in the Appleyard family might remark that it's been a long time since the last stew. Then Mrs. Appleyard would start right to work preparing

BEEF STEW (for six)

½ cup flour	1 large onion chopped
½ teaspoon oregano	12 radishes
¼ teaspoon cinnamon	6 new potatoes, cubed
½ teaspoon garlic powder	12 small white onions
½ teaspoon thyme	6 young carrots
½ teaspoon nutmeg	1 cup peas
⅛ teaspoon cloves	2 tablespoons minced parsley

5 pounds chuck beef

If the beef is frozen, leave it out to thaw the night before. Have your meat cut up in inch cubes and save the bones and fat. Cover the bones with cold water and simmer them two hours. Do this the day before you make your stew. Pour off the stock and chill it. Remove the fat from the top of the chilled stock and save it.

Next morning begin making your stew by sifting together the flour and seasonings. Put the mixture in a paper bag, put in the cubes of beef and shake the bag until the meat is well coated.

Melt beef fat and cook the chopped onion in it until it starts to brown. Add the floured meat and brown it on all sides, removing it as it browns to an electric skillet or to a pan from which it can be served.

Heat the stock, pour it over the browned meat and simmer at 200 degrees in electric skillet for two hours. When it has cooked an hour and a half put a cup of water into a pan big enough to hold the vegetables. Add all but the peas and cook, covered, until they are tender but not mushy — about thirty-five minutes. The radishes will taste like very delicately flavored turnips.

Let most of the water cook away, but if necessary add more boiling water to keep them from scorching. Add the peas, using a package of frozen ones if fresh ones are not available. Cover the pan and cook until the peas are tender — six to eight minutes.

Stir all the vegetables and the water in which they were cooked into the stew and let it simmer a few minutes to blend all the flavors. If the gravy seems too thin, thicken it with a little Pillsbury's Instant Flour, that non-lumping miracle that pre-

vents a lot of nervous breakdowns, Mrs. Appleyard thought. If you add salt this is the time to do it, never while the meat is cooking. Your own judgment about the amount will be better than Mrs. Appleyard's.

At this point Mrs. Appleyard sometimes paused to make up a garnishing supply of

Garlic Croutons

Cream ¼ pound of butter. Peel four beans of garlic and put them through the garlic press. Stir the crushed pulp into the butter.

Melt mixture in an iron frying pan. Toss croutons cut from fresh French bread in it until they are lightly browned — about five minutes. If you feel conservative about garlic, use one teaspoon of garlic powder with the quarter pound of butter. At the last moment toss the croutons on the stew.

After the stew was almost ready, Mrs. Appleyard might prepare and serve piping hot Popovers, but this, discussed in *Winter Kitchen*, is another story. With the stew she also served a green salad, and if available added to it a few leaves of fresh spinach.

Among the more popular endings for this meal is

Lemon Orange Meringue Pie

5 eggs	3 tablespoons water
1 heaping cup of sugar	Grated rind ½ Temple orange
¼ cup of lemon juice	Grated rind of ½ lemon
	¼ cup Temple orange juice

Separate the eggs. Beat the yolks slightly, add the sugar, lemon juice, finely grated rind, and water. All lemon juice and rind may be used if preferred or if Temple oranges are out of season. Blend all together. Have a large pie shell ready with one crust, built up and fluted around the edge, pricked all over, baked ten minutes. Fill it, put a strip of gauze around the edge so that it will not brown too quickly. Bake for 10 minutes at 450 F., then reduce the heat and bake for 20 minutes longer at 325 F. Remove it from the oven, cool it and cover it with meringue made, while the filling is baking, as follows:

Meringue No. 2 (from Mrs. Appleyard's Kitchen)

Whites of 5 eggs	1 teaspoon lemon extract
	1 cup powdered sugar

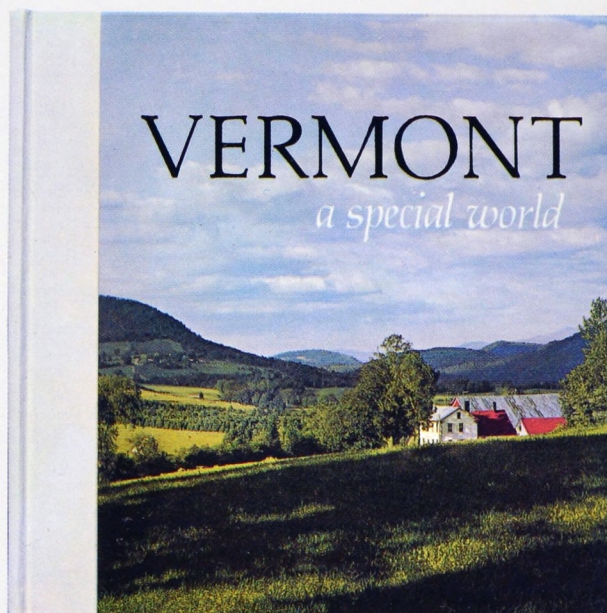
Beat the egg whites stiff. Add a quarter of the sugar gradually, and beat hard; then add another quarter. Keep on beating. Fold in all the rest at once, and add the flavoring — vanilla, if you prefer. Heap it on the pie and return pie to the oven for a few minutes until the meringue starts to brown.

These directions are for a large pie and a lot of meringue. The Appleyards always have considered a small pie something made simply to annoy.



Know the handiest Gift Shop in Vermont?

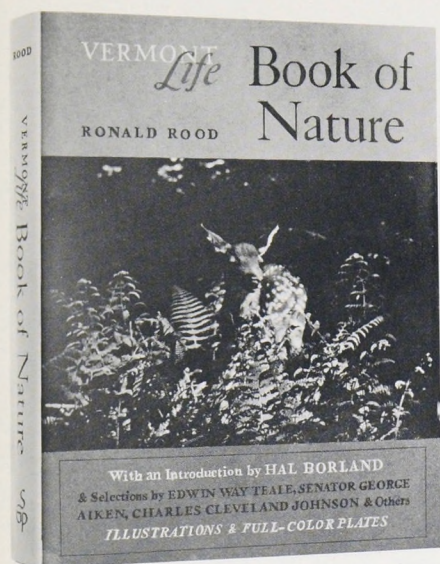
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SHELBURNE MUSEUM REPRODUCTIONS — are presented with pride for the first time by *Vermont Life* magazine. These fine art reproductions from the Shelburne Museum collection of historical Vermont paintings comprise "Winter in the Country" by George Henry Durrie (circa 1865), the print measuring 18 x 22 inches including the white border; and "Mt. Mansfield" by Charles R. Heyde (circa 1860), measuring 17 x 24 inches with borders. These fine prints are \$5 each.



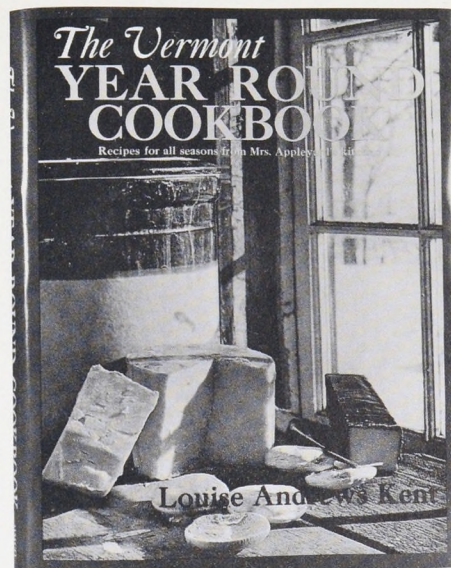


The VERMONT LIFE BOOK OF NATURE

— This fascinating book of Vermont natural history, contains selections from the best wildlife features published in *Vermont Life* magazine. Articles by Ronald Rood and others. Contains many illustrations. \$6.95.

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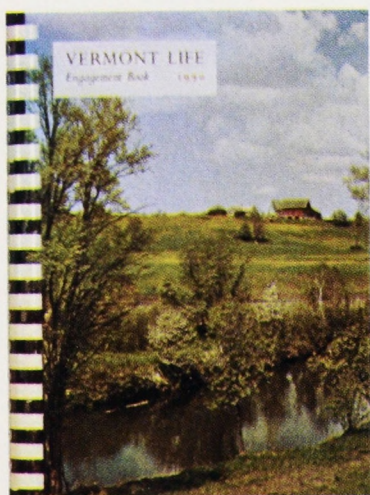
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1. Summer, Grand Isle



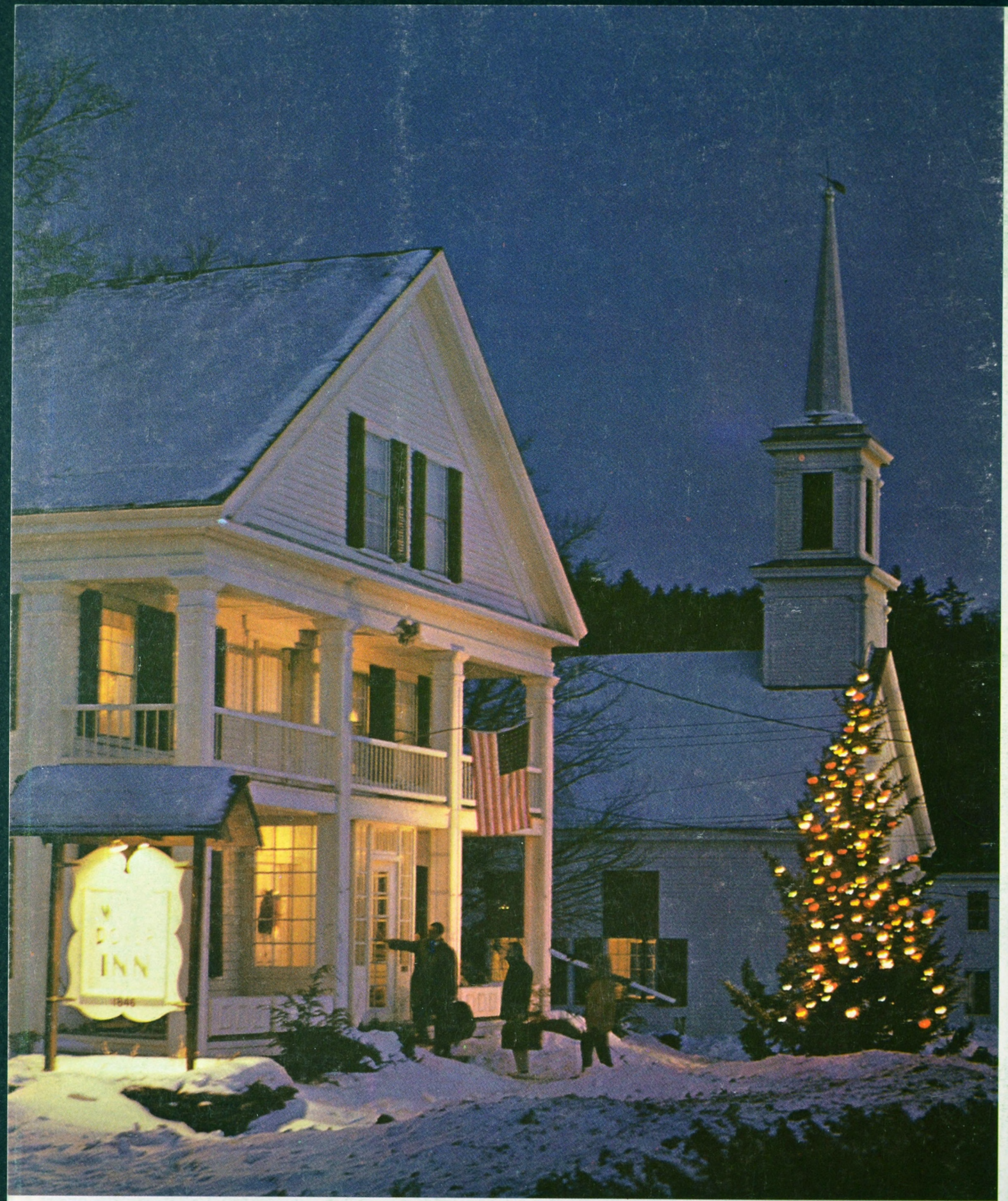
2. Autumn, near Stowe



3. Winter, Cavendish



4. Spring, Mt. Ascutney



*And I do come home at Christmas.
We all do or we all should.*

CHARLES DICKENS